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The Week-end Review

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I Like America

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Buying Brooklyn Bridge

It is said that a naive visitor to New York was once sold the Brooklyn Bridge by a city slicker. Mr Macmillan, who claims American ancestors, must surely know the story; all the more surprising, then, that this self-proclaimed grandson of a shrewd Scottish crofter should have fallen for the Thor missile. This obsolete piece of hardware has an unhappy history. It has had ten tests, only five of which have been successful. Even when launched, it develops an uncomfortable wobble in flight—a fact which may well cause uneasiness in Holland and Germany or, for that matter, in Britain. It has yet to land in its target area. Since it cannot be launched from underground, its sites can neither be concealed nor defended. And since its fuelling process takes 25 minutes—the exact interval between the launching of a Soviet IRBM and its arrival in Britain—it can, presumably, be used only in the event of a preventive war, which the White Paper explicitly rules out. An 'inventory' of Thors was ordered last spring solely because at that time the Douglas company, its makers, were the only firm which could guarantee early quantity production. The American forces have wisely refused to have it. Instead, it is to be foisted off on Britain and the other out-of-town bumpkins.

At the time of Bermuda—when we first agreed to accept Thor—the bargain was hailed as a triumph on the grounds that we should not have to spend money on developing our own missile. In fact, that is just what we are now doing, and its rocketing costs are reflected in the new estimates. Nor is the Thor free; for its sites—which cannot be adapted for use by any other missiles—are to cost £10 million. It is doubtful if the sites will be completed before Thor's obsolescence is officially admitted and the entire project scrapped. As the White Paper admits, US bombers will form the basis of the western deterrent for some years. Why, then, waste money on a non-essential weapon, of questionable military value, whose very existence is a provocation?

But this is merely one of the holes which can be punched in the Sandys defence policy, even by those who accept its basic assumptions. It is no secret that many service chiefs believe that the White Paper is an open incitement to the Russians to pursue the strategy of the limited war. And it is surely remarkable that, on the very morning of the defence debate, this pathetic document was torn to shreds by *The Times*, using arguments advanced by this journal during the past 12 months. Nor is this all. If there is one point on which virtually everybody is agreed, it is the vital need to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. But if, as the White Paper insists, conventional deterrents must be totally abandoned, then it follows logically that all Nato countries must have the bomb. This is why General Norstad announced on Tuesday that the new *Reichswehr* must be given nuclear arms—adding, as an additional reason, an argument first used by Hitler in 1933: that the morale of the German army could not be maintained if it was equipped only with 'second-class weapons'.

On purely military grounds, therefore, the case against the White Paper is overwhelming. But the Labour Party must not fall into the trap of making them the basis of its attack on Mr Sandys. No doubt, if it stuck to its current line of criticising what it terms the government's 'excessive reliance on the deterrent', and joined hands with the service chiefs, it could in time overthrow the present policy. But what would be the result? The government is now too deeply committed to the manufacture of the British deterrent to abandon it. At present it is paying for this by a run-down of conventional forces. If Labour successfully insists on a revised policy towards the latter, the government will not pay for it at the expense of its nuclear arms. It will either buy more military aid from America—at the cost of our national freedom of action—or it will have to raise the ceiling on total defence spending.

Fortunately, Mr Macmillan himself provided Labour with the correct line of attack. In a moment of euphoria before the TV cameras, he admitted that the British deterrent had no military significance; we were making bombs and rockets, he said, simply in order to remain a great power. Now that the myth of their military value has been abandoned, Labour need have no hesitation in insisting that we cease to fabricate them.

Comments on the Week's News

Nasser Bales Out?

Since the further Sudanese appeal to the Security Council last Monday over the Egypt-Sudan frontier dispute, the latest news available to us suggests that Nasser has decided to abandon his bad gambit, at least for the time being. Its result so far seems to have been considerably to discredit him in African and Asian eyes as an anti-imperialist leader and to alarm almost all sections of Sudanese opinion. Meanwhile the Sudanese elections were due to begin this week and will continue until 8 March. The issue lies between the Umma Party which leads the existing government coalition (by an inexcusable confusion between the names of the two main parties, the Umma was last week described in this journal as 'pro-Egyptian') and the National Unionist Party. The commonplace generalisation, which had its origins in the struggle for independence, that the Umma is anti-Egyptian and the National Unionists are pro-Egyptian is of much less validity than it used to be. Both parties have said in their election manifestos that they seek closer ties with Egypt; both in their private conversations are said to treat the present Egyptian government with the utmost suspicion. Of particular interest in view of the current attempts by Cairo to discredit the Umma, is the present attitude of the National Unionists. Their party newspaper declared last week: 'Just as the whole Sudan was brought together in face of Salah Salem's campaign against independence in 1955, so today the Sudanese nation stands as one in condemning Nasser's aggression.'

Lecture to Landlords

From the moment that the Rent Act was drafted it was clear that there was a risk of large-scale evictions next October, and that there was no means of inducing landlords to keep on existing tenants if they could do better by sale or furnished letting. And it is, therefore, mere humbug for Mr Brooke to try and plug the loopholes in his Act by solemn lectures telling landlords that are 'failing in their duty' if they intend to throw out sitting tenants. That was one of the purposes of the Act – and Mr Brooke knows perfectly well that if it did not have this ultimate sanction many of the tenants who have already signed new leases would not have done so. The property lobby has waited a long time for its opportunity, and it is now thinking of the rate of profit, not of what Mr Brooke sanctimoniously calls 'responsibility . . . for what is entrusted to the landlord'. The influential group of Tory MPs now asking Mr Macmillan to find ways of backing up Mr Brooke's 'warning' is primarily concerned about the political effect of evictions, and they seem to want local authorities to look after the vicitims of Mr. Brooke's Act. The answer to them is that Mr Brooke pushed this Act through in the face of sensible amendments designed to give some protection to the tenant, and that they must now take the consequences of their votes in its support.

The Busmen's Case

The hearings of the London busmen's case before the Industrial Court left the Court to decide in face of complete disagreement between the parties. It is an unquestionable fact that the London busmen have fallen from their high estate among the most highly paid groups of manual workers, despite the fact that the difficulties and nervous strain involved in their work have undoubtedly increased. Yet London Transport is not likely to pay its way in 1958 unless fares are increased – and the granting of any part of the present application would mean an increase in fares. Presumably the Court is under an obligation to decide the case on its merits, without listening to the government's opinion; but the arbitrators can hardly be expected to ignore the Cohen report, the 170,000 provincial busmen, or the railwaymen. Mr Cousins did not find it very easy to induce the London busmen to allow their case to go to arbitration, and in doing so they refused to pledge themselves to accept an unsatisfactory award. What the busmen will do if their claims are rejected outright is still to be seen. In view of London Transport's admitted shortage of nearly 3,000 drivers and conductors, a ban on overtime would obviously have very serious effect. The rates of £9 13s. 6d. for drivers and £9 9s. 6d. for conductors seem very low at present costs of living – especially for the London drivers – and when compared with the £11 6s. of the Tube motormen.

Victory for Mauritius Labour

The report of the Mauritius Electoral Boundary Commission is a victory for the Mauritius Labour Party. The Commission has come down wholeheartedly in support of the principle of single-member constituencies which forms the main demand of Mauritius Labour. It has rejected proposals for multi-member constituencies or communal elections – both of them reactionary schemes which it seemed at one time might be forced on the island. In order to ensure that the Christian and Moslem communities are fairly represented, the governor will have power to nominate to the Legislative Council 12 members for this purpose, in addition to the 40 elected in the constituencies. This device will not cause any distress to the Mauritius Labour Party, for it will not be allowed to frustrate the verdict of the electorate. The party is to be congratulated on its tenacity: it can now go ahead in confidence to attract more members of the other communities into its ranks and to gain experience in the responsibility of ministerial office.

The Case of Basil Davidson

Last Friday's adjournment debate, in which Labour members protested against the decision to ban Mr Basil Davidson as a 'prohibited immigrant' from British central and east Africa, strikingly emphasised the extent to which the Colonial Office, under Mr Lennox-Boyd, now allows local authorities in these territories to operate police-state laws. As Sir Leslie Plummer pointed out, Davidson's object in visiting Africa was to pursue a course of archæological studies under the Rev. Dr Gervase Mathew. His name, it appears, figured on an out-of-date MI5 list of 'suspected Communists' in Kenya. The decision to ban him was taken by some policeman in Kenya and immediately copied in the other territories. No reasons were given, he was not allowed to answer charges against him, and there is no appeal-mechanism whatever. In short, he was simply smeared. None of this appears to interest the Colonial Secretary, who left it to his Under-Secretary to read out an official brief in reply to Sir Leslie's case. The Under-Secretary admitted that his department had no say in the matter, but declared himself satisfied with the system and opposed to any change in it. But, as Mr Creech Jones pointed out, the system was devised to protect Africans from excessive Indian immigration; it was never intended to become an instrument of political discrimination. To this the Under-Secretary made no reply; presumably it was not covered by his brief. In short, the government and their supporters, who recently raised such an indignant chorus against the so-called 'smearing' of City bankers, are quite content to approve far more damaging smears against a distinguished journalist who has no opportunity to vindicate himself before an impartial tribunal – or, indeed, any tribunal at all. In an attempt to mitigate the evils of the system, Mr Dingle Foot is to bring in a private Bill providing for an appeals court.

Hushing Up the News

In last week's issue of this journal Mr Francis Williams drew attention to the odd sense of news value which led *The Times* to give no report of the mass meetings held in London on 17 February by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Mr Priestley, speaking in Ipswich at the weekend, sharpened the point by reminding his audience that on the morning of 17 February each of the four meetings was announced in *The Times* arrangements diary. If the conduct of *The Times* was the least excusable of all, the national press as a whole did not do very much better. Only the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Worker* gave the meeting the full coverage of a main news story. The *Mail* and the *Herald* gave reasonable reports of the principal meeting, together with short descriptions of the clash with the police in Downing Street which followed. The *Mirror*, the *Express* and the *Sketch* mentioned the meetings as background to their news stories on Downing Street; while the *Daily Telegraph* rated the whole affair worth three inches at the bottom of page 15. We have not been able to trace a report in any of the Sunday papers except *Reynolds News*. Yet a campaign which can draw over 5,000 people simultaneously into four central London halls, and which is concerned with the most portentous political issue of the day, surely rates treatment as a news story of the first importance. Or is it to be suppressed and belittled because it discomforts the Establishment?

A Death and a Birth

We note with regret Lady Rhondda's announcement of the impending demise of *Time and Tide*. Its loss so soon after the arbitrary winding up of its more vigorous rival *Truth* underlines the difficulties which nowadays confront the small journal of opinion. It is easy to argue that *Time and Tide*, with a small circulation and such highly personal direction, has exercised in recent years little serious influence, especially on the younger generation. But its standards have been high, and those who have the freedom of the press at heart will feel increasingly disturbed if the over-centralisation and limited choice of the national daily press is now to spread to the weeklies. Lady Rhondda has performed an admirable labour of love in

sustaining *Time and Tide* out of her own pocket for many years. She is, however, wide of the mark in suggesting, as she is reported to have done, that all the weeklies live by subsidy. That has not been true of this journal for many years, nor do we suppose it now applies to most of our contemporaries. By gratifying contrast with the melancholy fate of *Time and Tide*, this month sees the birth of *Contact*, a new liberal fortnightly in South Africa, pledged to the achievement of a non-racial society in the Union. *Contact* is not an official Liberal Party paper – it is to be distinguished from the existing Liberal Party monthly newssheet which is to change its name – and it will not be subject to any party control. It will, however, be generally identified with the party's policies – the entrenchment of individual rights, the abolition of all racial laws, universal compulsory education, total franchise, and opposition to apartheid in every form. We wish it well.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Legislative Oversight

International tensions, missiles, and the recession have had to yield public attention in the past week or so to one of the hardiest staples of a national capital, namely, scandal in high places. With elements of comedy, melodrama, and bungling added to suggestions of wrong-doing, the current investigation by the strangely named House Sub-committee on Legislative Oversight has pushed even outer space back where it belongs.

The comedy of the affair, strictly ironic rather than hilarious, grows out of the fact that the Congressional probers have obviously been discovering more than they wanted to and now find themselves with a runaway investigation on their hands. Originally the purpose of the group was to check on the regulatory agencies—the Federal Communications Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and the like—in order to determine whether or not these theoretically independent bodies were carrying out the purposes for which Congress had created them. The suspicion had arisen in Democratic circles that the administration was pressing the agencies into the service of the very industries they were intended to regulate, and a lofty study was contemplated under the guidance of Dr Bernard Schwartz, a law professor from New York University and supposedly a man of strictly academic cast.

It very soon turned out, however, that Dr Schwartz, fresh from the cloistered life of the scholar, was shocked by the easy-going relations between the commissioners of these quasi-judicial bodies and private individuals seeking the assignment of television channels, airplane routes, and other invaluable franchises; by the susceptibility of the commissioners to pressures, social and political, that few would dare to exert even on a police-court magistrate. As chief counsel he quickly converted himself into a prosecutor, and the more zest he showed for the business, the more perceptibly the sub-committee cooled toward him.

Unfortunately Dr Schwartz made himself vulnerable. Leaving no secret of his conviction that the sub-committee was out to suppress him, he leaked a preliminary report to the press, made public accusations on his own authority, in effect condemning people who had not yet been heard in their own defence, and accused the sub-committee of seeking a 'whitewash'. In a melodramatic session he was dismissed, ostensibly for juggling his expense accounts.

With Schwartz's dismissal, the show gathered speed. Guards were posted in his office and he was treated in general like the prize catch of his own investigation. Evidently a man of emotion, he responded by issuing a series of charges far more sensational than any he had made as counsel, including one that amounted to bribery of a federal communications commissioner. The result was that he was immediately summoned before the sub-committee and forced to give sworn testimony, backed by cancelled cheques and other evidence, of the very sort the Congressmen had seemed least eager to elicit. Now the FBI has been brought into the picture, and the investigation will have to run its course under the white lights of national publicity.

The prospect can hardly be pleasing to an administration that rode in on a crusade against mink coats and deep freezes, and an outsider might wonder, on that account, why Democrats as well as Republicans on the sub-committee have been so reticent about pressing the investigation. The fact is that Congressmen, too, acting for constituents, have been known to make their influence felt with members of the regulatory commissions. The question here is not one of dishonesty in any blatant sense, but of propriety in an area of government that sorely needs to be taken out of a no-man's land between the administrative and the judicial.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Divisions in the Federal Republic

A Correspondent writes: Public opinion in the German Federal Republic is sharply – almost evenly – divided on the main issues of foreign policy. Gone are the days when there was only one direction in which to look – west. All eyes are turned as eagerly to the east; and though there is no great faith in the USSR, there is also great scepticism as to a future based upon the US alone. The average German is also so restless about the present inactivity on the international plane that he is ready to take risks. The Rapacki Plan may lead nowhere, he says, but why not try to make it the basis of a central Europe free from atomic weapons, and so create an atmosphere in which other issues like reunification can be settled. In any case, frankly, who on earth believes we are ever going to get anywhere with united Germany, he asks.

The government for its part has already rejected the Rapacki Plan. Foreign Minister von Brentano also indicated weeks ago he had neither the desire nor the time to consider proposals such as those of George Kennan and Gaitskell and Bevan. But nobody knows better than the government that matters cannot rest there. The impatience of public opinion and the psychological defeat of the government in the last foreign policy debate (on 23 January) have compelled it to submit to Social Democratic prodding for another debate in March, after Chancellor Adenauer's return from vacation.

The federal government itself is treading warily through its own difficulties of foreign policy and military defence. Despite many official statements to the contrary, most Germans believe, even before this week's statements by General Norstad, that their republic is planning to have atomic weapons as soon as possible. Everything points that way. In fact, there is strong resentment that Britain should have gone ahead in atomic weapons during the past few years, so that it can now claim a hearing alongside the US and USSR in atomic discussions. This resentment is often bitterly expressed – not by the average German, but by officials who maintain Britain is usurping a position which is not hers. She is accused of playing old-fashioned nationalistic politics – now with atomic weapons. British withdrawal of troops from the Continent is also seen as more than due to the lack of foreign exchange. Some see in it a desire to threaten the West European Union. Despite this coldness in British-German relations, however, there is also the fear that if this went much further then the Federal Republic would be forced into a too-close connection with France. This the Germans want to avoid because of possible complications in North Africa and elsewhere.

Moscow

Conservatives and Diehards

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: A recent conference of the heads of the new regional industrial councils rated little space in the press; yet the discussion turned on matters of vital importance for the future of the national economy. It was remarkable for the assertive, emphatic manner in which the new industrial chiefs, with a mere six months' experience behind them, called for radical changes in the methods of work of the central planning organs and for a complete reform of the supply and sales administration. It is clear, after this conference, that, if 'conservatives' and 'diehards' are to be found in the system today, they are not among the factory managers but in the offices of *Gosplan* and *Glavsbyt* – the central supply and sales organisation.

When the new economic councils were formed last summer, Gosplan took over the planning organs of dozens of the former ministries. The representatives of industry now complain that some of the officials transferred continue to plan only for those factories which depended on the ministries they used to work for. They criticise too the quality of their planning: it perpetuates the mistakes associated with the ministerial bureaucracy last year's reforms were intended to correct; detailed planning from the centre of the production of every enterprise; excessive paper work; an allocation system that often disregards an enterprise's potentialities. An authoritative article in *Kommunist* echoing many of the speakers at the conference calls for a fundamental change in the structure of Gosplan.

It is, however, against the supply and sales organisation that the attacks from the localities are strongest. When the ministries were suppressed last summer and the regional economic councils set up, the central organs of supply and sales and their nationwide network were temporarily left intact, though they were transferred to Gosplan. As a result the councils were unable to exercise control over the vital field of supply and sales. What, from the point of view of the councils, has made matters worse is that the sales organisations appear to have been continued working along the old lines, placing orders that have little or no relation to production plans

and thus, in the words of *Kommunist*, 'causing confusion among the consumers'.

It has been pointed out that among the undesirable tendencies that are being encouraged by the slowness of the central planning organisations to adapt themselves to the new situation is regional autarchy. There is a danger that in the absence of intelligent, prompt guidance from the centre the regions will proceed with their plans to rationalise and co-ordinate production within their territories to a degree of self-sufficiency that conflicts with overall national interests.

Westminster

For Whom the Log Rolls

Mr James Griffiths' style of oratory – left hand placed dramatically against the heart, the rhythmical slap of right hand on Despatch Box, the voice which is suddenly lowered, the tongue which at times seems to outrun thought – has made easy copy in its day for many a delighted columnist. But no one laughed at the speech with which he opened Monday's debate on local unemployment. Indeed, there was hardly a laugh, and not one jeer, throughout the debate until, at the end, Sir David Eccles wound up with a performance which immediately settled a minor parliamentary question, *viz*: Can any minister actually do worse than Mr Selwyn Lloyd?

The debate showed a marked change in parliamentary atmosphere. Since the war, Labour's tendency to hark back to the bad old days has bored younger members who never knew unemployment themselves and whose constituency problems centred more on finding workers than on finding jobs. Further, the House usually becomes restless in any debate in which speaker after speaker begins by saying 'I do not intend to follow the remarks of the honourable gentleman who has just sat down', and then spends 20 minutes rolling logs of his own. But this debate was under the shadow of rising unemployment in the US, of stock exchanges which were begining to tumble and of a new 'Geddes-May' report, which seemed to expect, even to welcome, considerable unemployment at home. So as each new speaker told of what was happening in his own constituency, as each fraction added gave a clearer picture of the whole, members wondered if they were just hearing of local difficulties or whether in fact they were facing what amounted to a national problem.

What Sir Harold Roper and Mr F. H. Hayman were saying about Cornwall, what Mr D. J. Williams was saying about South Wales, what Mr Goronwy Roberts and Mr Cledwyn Hughes were saying about Dyfed and Gwynedd, what Mr Thomas Hubbard was saying about the Kingdom of Fife and what five Conservative members in a row were saying about Northern Ireland – was it not possible that such things might soon be said of London, the Midlands, the industrial north? Members who heard of 13 per cent. unemployment in Anglesey or of places in Northern Ireland where the figure was 30 per cent. no longer cushioned themselves on their own figures of one or two per cent. Perhaps, after all, these logs were being rolled for them.

This changed atmosphere was impressively frightening. But the new attitude shown in it by Labour speakers was courageous and heartening. Jim Griffiths described how in South Wales, 400 old tinplate mills, employing 28,000 men, were being replaced by two new mills employing only 3,800 men but with the same production. Years ago, such figures might have led Labour spokesmen to condemn technical advance. But both Jim Griffiths and Fred Lee, who wound up for the opposition, welcomed automation and indeed called for more of it. But, with mounting vigour, they insisted that it was the government's job to see that new industries came to restore the balance of the old.

Mr Iain Macleod, speaking within the limits of his department, gave an answer which, within those limits, was sympathetic and competent. All the resources of the Ministry of Labour would be used to bring displaced workers and available vacancies together. As for the government as a whole, it would try to induce firms to open factories in areas where unemployment is growing. He would leave the explanation of more positive measures to his Right Honourable Friend, the President of the Board of Trade.

But his Right Honourable Friend had nothing to add. His Right Honourable Friend is, or was, an accomplished technician. But a technician without a machine is like, say, a Labour foreign secretary naked in the conference chamber; and it was at once clear that this technician had no machine. At the best of times, negative inducement as opposed to positive direction had been only partly effective. But Tory policy prohibited Eccles either from directing private industry or from using public enterprise. So, as he wound up the debate, his once clever face seemed slack and flushed, he stumbled over his sentences, lost his way in his notes, smiled sheepishly in face of Labour contempt. It was not just that by contrast with men like Griffiths, Lee or Hubbard, Eccles looked like a man who sees unemployment as a column of figures. Far worse than that, he obviously had no policy for dealing with it and did not seem to think that mattered.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Monstrous Regiment

Lusher and lusher grow the rich prizes that crown success in the market for women's magazines – but higher and higher also grow the stakes required of those who would enter the game. Odhams's new contribution to feminine well-being, *Woman's Realm*, has got off to a flying start. A sale of a million was guaranteed to advertisers before publication. It proved to be a modest pledge. The first number was almost entirely sold out within a few hours of hitting the bookstalls.

The appetite for women's magazines seems almost inexhaustible – some readers are known to take six or seven a week without even a rumble of indigestion, and three or four are a pretty average diet. Yet big money is required to make sure that the new product is brought to the attention of the potential customers. Odhams have spent a record sum on launching *Woman's Realm* – the kind of money that would have kept *Time and Tide*, that very different kind of woman's weekly now in process of dying, in good health for a lifetime.

The costs of promotion included almost all the 'biggest evers' it has been possible to collect. The biggest ever advertising space in a single issue of any magazine – a four-page inset in *Radio Times* at a cost for the one insertion of £17,600. The biggest photograph ever published on a hoarding – 40 feet by 10 feet of attractive womanhood all talking madly about the good news that '*Woman's Realm* is coming'. In addition there have been double-page spreads in the *Daily Mirror* and *TV Times*, full pages in the *Daily Express* (£6,000 a page), full or half pages in practically every other national paper, plus an avalanche of film spots and flashes on commercial television.

In spending money at this rate Odhams calculate, of course, that they are making a shrewd, even a conservative investment. The rewards are immense. Last year *Woman*, their already firmly established woman's weekly, read, they claim, by one out of every two women between the ages of 16 and 40 in the whole country, carried 1,650 pages of advertising and had a total advertising revenue greater than that of all but one national daily paper. Nor does this market seem anywhere near saturation yet, even though that of daily papers, evening papers and general magazines is now well past its peak.

The success of the women's papers lies in the fact that they have become the trade press of the biggest trade in the world – the trade of being a woman. To them teenagers turn in their millions to learn how to make themselves attractive on small incomes and secure in due course the right sort of husband. They advise the newly married how to furnish their homes, cook the sort of meals that will bring hubby hurrying home and run up on a small budget the sort of clothes that will keep the love-light gleaming in his eyes. And when the babies start coming along there they are given the latest, most modern and scientific advice on how to look after them without having to run to mother. And all this professional advice – most of it extremely sound and sensible – is sweetened with serials, short stories and 'lonely heart' correspondence columns.

Why then, it may be asked in view of this apparently insatiable demand, is it necessary to spend money at the rate Odhams have done to launch a new product on a still wide open market? In this lies the key to much more in the current state of the newspaper industry than the position of the women's magazines. The answer is that to a degree greater than ever before no newspaper or magazine – and especially, of course, no new one – can have any hope of succeeding unless it first sells itself to the newsagents. With the pre-war system of sale or return abandoned, except for a short initial period during the actual launching of a new periodical, the first essential of success is to persuade the newsagents that your new offering to the public is worth investing in. Unless they can be convinced that it is worth while ordering, displaying and pushing a new paper and risking their own money to do so, since even a comparatively few unsold copies can eat away most of the commission on those sold, there is no hope of getting a mass sale.

Therefore the advertising and promotion campaigns are directed as much to the newsagent as to the public, or even more. They are designed to convince him that a demand is being created for which he can profitably cater. Those who cannot plank down the stake money needed for this kind of high-powered course in sales psychology have now very little chance indeed of getting the sort of bookstall display and push that will put their products before their potential public.

In the mass market it is only in relation to women's magazines that newsagents now feel no dubiety. The thousands spent on promotion, the constant advertising of rising sales, have paid off. The Newsagents' Federation has just been advised by its general secretary that since many general periodicals are in danger of collapse the best way for them to maintain their turnover is to push the women's magazines still harder. The monstrous regiment has carried all before it.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Mask of Property

THE Conservative Party, in office and in opposition, is the public mask of property. Its task is to beguile the voters, to suggest that British capitalism now wears a benevolent smile, to imply that Mr Cheeryble has replaced Mr Gradgrind. But sometimes the mask drops – and before it can be slipped on again we have caught a glimpse of the hard face behind it. Such moments are bound to be embarrassing for Tory MPs, caught between their voters and the interests that, more privily, they serve. Witness, for instance, Mr Brooke's attempt to 'restrain' the landlord's lobby from making what it can from an Act that it virtually dictated, or the laboured defences of the Bank and the City provoked by the revelations of the Parker Tribunal. And witness, too, the discomfort that has been caused by the Cohen Council, which has put in print what every Tory has been saying in private and disclaiming in public for the last five years. This is not the 'independent and impartial' voice of three wise men, any more than the May Committee was a disinterested group of experts. It is the current restatement of the remedy to which British financiers instinctively revert in times of economic difficulty – deflation, a rise in unemployment and a cut in the living standards of those still at work.

This is, indeed, a remarkable document. In its partisan account of the course of our economy since the war – and in this account the omissions are as important as the judgments – it reveals the inner logic of contemporary British capitalism, a logic learnt in the seminars of Professors Hayek and Robbins, not of John Maynard Keynes. For it seeks to reduce our economy to a tidy model of equilibrium, to make stability rather than expansion the golden rule. To construct this model, the facts must be strained and distorted and the working-people of this country subjected once again to a painful experiment in uncontrolled free enterprise. And not the least remarkable feature of the report is that it offers, in 1958, the same kind of policies as the May Committee brought forward in 1931, with such evil results.

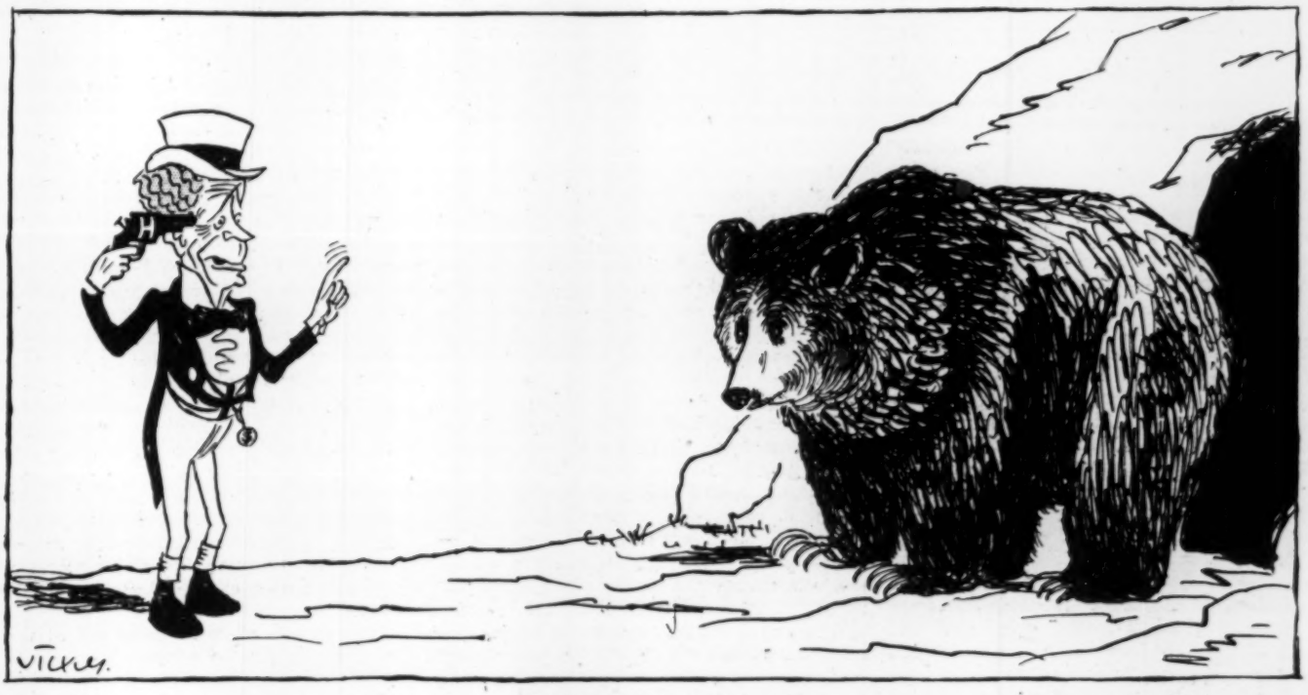
The argument of the Three Wise Men is elaborate, and seemingly comprehensive. But what they ponderously state as if it were objective truth is open to serious challenge – not merely from the left. The majority of academic economists in this country would reject the two basic propositions of this report – that the rise in prices is caused by an excess of monetary demand, and that the cure for inflation therefore lies in control of the quantity of money. All its conclusions (and these have naturally attracted more attention since they are more dramatic and easier to grasp than its analysis) follow from these two propositions.

To support the first proposition – that our troubles are due to 'an abnormally high level of demand for goods and services' – it falls back on two arguments. The first is that earnings have risen faster than wage-rates, which is the case on which Professor Robbins originally based his view that we were suffering from a 'demand inflation', and the second is that there has been an excess of job vacancies over the number of unemployed. In so far as both these conditions were true, for parts of the period 1946-57, they reflect the existence of what the report disdainfully refers to as 'full employment'. But they were not consistently true, and they certainly have not been true since 1955. The whole argument is fudged by treating the period 1946-57 as if it were a self-contained unit.

From 1946 to 1954, a steady rise in import prices was the primary cause of the rising domestic price-level, and wage demands throughout this period were due to the effort of the unions to keep pace with the cost of living. In these years, moreover, there was some degree of wage restraint, made tolerable by the subsidy policy of the Labour government. And, in these years, output, investment and productivity were expanding more rapidly than at any time in recent history.

That was the first phase. After 1954, however, there was a marked change. The price Britain paid for imports began to level off, and in the case of some important commodities to fall. At the same time, the number of job vacancies also declined, the percentage of unemployment increased, the gap between earnings and wage-rates narrowed as men shifted from overtime to short-time, and both output and investment intermittently stagnated. If the Council's reasoning were correct, the price level should have responded to this change. But in fact prices continued to rise, and each year there was a related round of wage demands. In this process the progressive removal of subsidies and the shifting of the tax pattern from direct to indirect taxation played an important part. The Council glosses over this point by saying that 'the matter is not free from doubt' and modestly suggests that the reasons for the rise in food prices since the Conservatives took office 'are not entirely clear': the admission that this 'may have been associated with the decontrol of food supplies' is tacked on at the end of a sentence.

The whole of the report's discussion of the 'causes of the rises in prices and incomes' – this was supposed to be its main concern – is sketchy: it occupied only four of 75 pages. It has, therefore, to be bolstered by the argument that we have been putting too great a strain upon our economy. This is simply untrue, and it is particularly untrue as an explanation of the crisis in the autumn of 1957. Productive capacity in this country is at least 10 per cent. underemployed. If the economy were in fact overloaded, it would show in our trade balance, for we should be both importing more and consuming more of what we produce at home. On the contrary, there is a current surplus of at least £300m. on our trade balance. The losses in our gold reserve have been due primarily to the export of capital – not withdrawals by foreigners, which was one excuse advanced for the high Bank rate – but the leaking away of sterling by British speculators. The Cohen Council notes, in passing, the losses



'One Step, and I Shoot!'

through the Kuweit 'gap', but says nothing about the loopholes still being employed by funk capital. It says nothing, moreover, about the economic cost of the Suez campaign, about the impact of the rearmament programme, or about Mr Butler's deliberate waste of the favourable turn of the terms of trade to buy the 'consumption' vote in the 1955 election. Thus it finds that it is impossible to say how high investment should be, though it is obvious that it is the lag in capital investment that is the cause of our discomfiture and our falling share of the world market – at a time when Germany is forging ahead even though wages are rising more rapidly there than in Britain.

If the Council's diagnosis of inflation is partisan, its cure is even more doctrinaire. Britain's problem is how to combine monetary stability with rising standards and expanding production. Faced by that problem, the Council has plumped for stability at any price – and has let the standards and the expansion go hang. It believes that demand must be restricted – and to this end it is prepared, not merely to tolerate the present stagnation, which is adding to costs and worsening this country's competitive position, but actively to depress the economy and especially the living standards of the wage-earners. Since it rejects any form of control except a limitation on the supply of money, it has no option but to favour a substantial rise in unemployment in the hope that this will reduce demand, weaken the bargaining power of the unions, and discourage employers from granting wage increases. The report even contains a remarkable passage in which the Council seems to regret that it cannot give 'a definite answer' if asked what would have happened if the unions had been 'non-existent or weak'.

Lest it be thought that this is an unfair gloss on the Council's conclusions, its central thesis should be restated. 'The pressure on consumption should be increased.' This means that indirect taxation should be raised – the Council argues that higher income taxes will merely force the rich to spend capital, to use 'undesirable ingenuity' in tax-avoidance, and, in the case of business, to pass on the tax in the form of higher prices – and that government expenditure (presumably on social services) should be reduced. No doubt the Three Wise Men approve the decision to raise insurance and health contributions. Wages should not be permitted to rise with the cost of living: if, indeed, import prices rise, the higher prices must be absorbed by wage-earners, because 'we do not think any class of income receivers has the right to be immune from bearing a share of such national burdens'. Nor is this all. If import prices decline and retail prices tend to follow, the Council believes that there is a case for mopping up the purchasing power thus released by raising the prices of nationalised industries and encouraging further rent increases: the Rent Act, in this context, is most desirable, and the sooner that it is followed by total decontrol to remove the 'distortions' of rent restriction the better. Meanwhile, the Council suggests, there should be no attempt to control any part of the economy by any other means than the monetary weapon.

If this programme – and programme it is, though it is couched in 'hopes' and 'suggestions' – were to be carried out, the result would be disastrous. It would, in the first place, freeze our economy at a moment when expansion and increased efficiency has become more urgent. Secondly, it is calculated to worsen industrial relations when the need is for closer co-operation between the government, industry and the unions. Thirdly, by jettisoning full employment as the objective of policy, it makes it more unlikely that the employers will introduce labour-saving techniques and machines or that the unions will agree to work them. Fourthly, if it succeeded, it would accelerate the drift towards a general recession in the non-Communist world: there would be no expansion of production to provide the means for investment in under-developed areas, and there would be continuing pressure on the prices of primary products coming from these areas. Finally, it offers the only means by which any kind of 'stability' can be achieved within the framework of our existing property relationships. If capitalism will not, or cannot, expand, it must give way to social ownership.

For all these reasons, both the reasoning and the conclusions of this report must be rejected. This is not the road either to expansion, or fair shares in adversity. It is the formula by which British capitalism, which since 1918 has been basically restrictionist, sought to solve the pre-war problems of the coal, cotton and steel industries with consequences that are well known. This formula might indeed 'solve' today's problems, but once again the solution would be at the immediate expense of the working-class and the long-term living standards of all of us.

Delicate Balance in British Guiana

The twenty-five-mile road from Atkinson Airport into Georgetown reveals most of the social problems of British Guiana. The road itself is one of few. For in a country of 83,000 square miles there are only 260 miles of roadway, and of these less than a third are metalled. Stretches of asphalt, liberally pocked with pot-holes, give way to burnt dusty red clay.

Every mile or so the road crosses a dyke running into the nearby broad Demerara River. The dykes are controlled by huge iron gates, for most of this coastal plain, where the majority of the inhabitants live, is below sea level. Further, as British Guiana has a rainfall of about 100 inches a year it seems ironic that it should also suffer periodically from drought.

On either side of the road scores of unpainted wooden shacks lean at grotesque angles, lifted above the soggy ground on blocks or stilts. Here live the workers from the neighbouring cane fields, in their two tiny family rooms, rags stuffed into the roof holes to keep out some of the water. A heavy, nauseating, sweet scent heralds the approach to the Diamond Sugar Factory, centre of one of the largest sugar estates. Here the unpainted hovels huddle amongst small white-washed houses and around the much larger painted dwelling of the manager. The people on the road are now dressed in gayer colours, and the bicycle population is suddenly increased.

One last and most significant social revelation. Many of the houses beside this road sport red or white flags on bamboo canes. They are the prayer flags of the Indians. A score of circular mosques with stained glass windows, domes and minarets emphasise the presence of an Asian community. For every three Guianese of African descent there are now four from Asia.

Four years ago the half a million people of this colony were on the verge of revolution. Economic misery sparked by political demagogy produced a highly combustible amalgam. Yet during the intervening four years most Guianese seem to have turned their minds more to their economic future than to political agitation. This perhaps explains the most astonishing reversal in the constitutional position. The Robertson Commission of 1954 reported: 'We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that so long as the PPP retains its present leadership and policies, there is no way in which any real measure of responsible government can be restored without the certainty that the country will again be subjected to constitutional crisis.' Only a year ago the Governor, Sir Patrick Renison was saying publicly of Dr Jagan: 'I could not fail to believe that he is a Communist who, if he had the chance, would again attempt the Communist one-party system of rule'; while Jagan was saying: 'Our party is unique in the history of national movements in that from its inception it was under left-wing Marxist leadership, uncompromisingly championing the cause of the working-class'. Today Sir Patrick is head of the British Guiana government, and Dr Jagan is his First Minister.

How has it come about then that the Colonial Office has performed such a somersault as to allow Dr Jagan once more to take office and to nominate four of his supporters as additional ministers? In the first place, of course, the traditional mistake was made of imprisoning Jagan and his wife and therefore immediately giving them martyrs' haloes. Yet his organisation, the People's Progressive Party, has been torn by internal dissensions. His chief lieutenant, Linden Burnham, and several of the leading members have broken away and formed an opposition party, whilst large sums of money have been poured into the country in an effort to seduce Jagan's followers. Jagan has also had to fight the left-wing deviationists within the party and he lost some of his supporters over Hungary. Nevertheless, in last August's election his party secured 47 per cent. of the poll, and nine out of the 14 elected seats.

It is significant that the election and the subsequent opening of the new Legislative Council were marked by a calm interest, in contrast to the wild hysteria of 1953. This fundamental change in atmosphere is the natural consequence of the emphasis placed by government and capitalists over the past four years on increasing social services. The shock of 1953 had its effect in both spheres. As a consequence, government expenditure on social services between 1953 and 1955 rose from 29.95 per cent. to 32.19 per cent., while the sugar companies' housing and medical schemes have developed in a parallel direction. Yet, at the same time, there is a general recognition among the people that real economic progress is much more difficult than they were led to believe. It is significant that, during this same period, government expenditure on economic development fell from 11.69 per cent. to 8.28 per cent. Figures of economic analysis may not seem very important to the man in the punt on a dyke or the labourer in the rice fields. They become important, however, when the sugar companies try to reduce casual labour and increase mechanisation, thus employing ever fewer workers, or when better social amenities attract more people to the over-crowded frontlands.

The attitude of the majority of the electorate in returning Dr Jagan and his followers may therefore be summarised thus: Jagan and the PPP government were irresponsible in 1953, but represented a sincere if somewhat brash

It is our pleasure and privilege this year to record certain extracts from the Schweppshire Roll, wherein are recorded the names of Schweppshire Lads who have Made Good

LET us present for a start J. O. Crate. His parents were poor but they were tremendously kind to him. At his School there was not a single unkind master. The weather was mostly good and though he was the youngest child he was never spoilt, nor, alternatively, was he ever in the least bashed. His young parents soon treated him as if he were one of their own generation; and an atmosphere of affectionate friendliness pervaded Bean Hall Quarry Field, the lowly site of their cottage.

After a happy year as a gnome-carver's apprentice, Crate was soon writing books all about pleasant subjects with titles like *Sunset over the Rushes* and *Cotswold Cupid*, which mixed up young people with nature, but in a harmless way. The only sadness in his life was that none of these books sold more than 450 copies.

How did the change come? It may have been the occasion when he became so tremendously nice to his mother that she got fed up and called him sloppy-chops. Then there was the unexpected effectiveness of his reply—"You nasty old hay bag". There was the sensation, leading to quite a big sale, when his "Birdsong and *Dawning*" was misprinted as "*Yawning*", trebling the sales. Anyhow it was about this time that Crate suddenly achieved a successful Angry Young Manhood. He wrote a novel showing up, in exceptionally thin disguise, the rottenness of his prep. school: he created a new philosophy in his *No Go*: he cut his aged Father dead "because", he said "of his unpleasant limp". Everybody loved it, everybody bought his books, and he now lives in luxury, more tremendously angry than ever, although every now and then, behind locked doors, he arranges flowers, pats the head of his Alsatian, and writes secret letters, which he never posts, to his sweet old nurse.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

attempt to give the Guianese masses a new status for the first time: Jagan must therefore be given another opportunity; but, with the new recognition of the depth of British Guiana's economic problems, his policies will be more critically judged by results. He has drawn most of his support from the Indian community, particularly amongst the workers on the sugar estates and in the rice fields. As the Indians, who now form well over 40 per cent. of the community, were much more closely organised than the Negroes, Jagan's party, though polling less than half the votes case, secured a majority of the seats.

Cheddi and Janet Jagan themselves, in their white-painted, wooden, stilted house, are facing stiff problems. During the last four years their experience has been broadened. Today Marx's *Kapital* on the bookshelves is flanked by the stone figure of a Polish miner and a carved Negro head from Ghana. Was it perhaps the influence of Nkrumah which persuaded Jagan to revoke his expressed determination not to take office under the present constitution? Certainly he is no longer obsessed with the firm of Booker Brothers, realising that its monopolistic position is becoming modified as other enterprises increase. He would like to tackle the basic economic problems of the country by a massive scheme of national water control and resettlement on the land, yet he knows that he has taken office in the middle of a £20 million five-year development plan, whose lines are already laid down. He has recognised the paramount need for overseas capital, particularly from the US, Canada and Britain, but that capital will be very timid unless he shows a convincing change of heart.

The focal political position is held by Linden Burnham and his two colleagues in the Legislative Council. Strong attempts were made by Jagan to persuade his former lieutenant to rejoin him, if only in a coalition. This would have been the prelude to an ultimatum on virtually a national scale for a revised constitution. Burnham, however, has resisted all overtures and set himself the task of building a strongly organised opposition party, capable of offering constructive criticism. This can provide valuable education for the Guianese in a two-party democratic system. In view of the economic difficulties which face Jagan it may well offer Burnham and his followers a real opportunity as a future alternative government.

Meanwhile, Sir Patrick Renison, by his friendly but firm leadership, has so far successfully accomplished the task of eating all the former Colonial Office words with dignity and good humour. His agreement with Jagan, and his courage in allowing him to command a majority, may successfully follow the pattern set by Sir Charles Arden-Clarke and Dr Nkrumah.

The atmosphere is thus quite different from that of 1953. The recent drought in the rice areas was met by co-operative effort from public authorities, big capitalist concerns, like the sugar and bauxite companies, and voluntary help from the local people. Jagan himself is making speeches urging co-operative effort and criticising laziness. He and his wife are taking part in overseas delegations. The Governor has shown that he intends to lead the government, but in co-operation with his elected ministers. Many problems still remain, not least the fundamental one of finding the capital and effort to open up a tough tropical land to production which can sustain the welfare of its people. The racial issue between Indians and Negroes was emphasised during last year's election, though both Jagan and Burnham are doing everything possible to overcome it. The Governor may be accused in the Americas of opening the way for a Communist regime. Jagan may be suspected by his followers of selling out to the imperialists. No one can tell whether he is employing new tactics towards the same ultimate goal. The whole situation is in delicate balance, but in a new atmosphere of co-operation and critical understanding the spirit of democracy at least has a fresh opportunity.

JOHN HATCH

London Diary

As I expected, the eccentricity of *The Times* in omitting to report the Central Hall hydrogen bomb protest meetings has reminded people of Geoffrey Dawson's calculated ostrichism towards the Fascist dictators – and any hostile demonstrations against them – during the Thirties. It engenders that ghastly 'this is where we came in' feeling. For, as Priestley pointed out on television, the enthusiastic audiences, so very unapathetic, were a measurable news story. This type of lapse in Printing House Square's objectivity cannot help making a sinister impression. The effect on the younger generation who do not remember the Dawson era must be positively traumatic. It is like, to use a homely Edwardian nursery metaphor, waking in the night to find Nanny signalling to the gypsies and making preparations for a Black Mass: 'What am I doing, dear? But I keep telling you I'm not doing anything at all. You're just imagining things. Now go to sleep'. We older ones who know that Nanny is sometimes a little strange can take it in our stride, though we had rather hoped she had got over this kind of thing. Meanwhile there is not the slightest use in pretending that a healthily hysterical nuclear warfare fear is not going to grow and spread. Just as, during the last months of the war, certain obsessional types began to be haunted by the rocket bombs – 'there's one leaving Holland now, it'll be here in five minutes' – so the knowledge that the thing is around and assembled will serve as a rallying point or accretion centre for fears. And, in the end, if we are lucky, the 'neurotics' who were probably responsible for civilisation in the first place may turn out to be its rescuers.

* * *

I hope the Middle East experts in the Foreign Office beat their breasts and strew paper clips on their heads whenever they think about the Egyptian-Syrian pact. They should also observe regular silences in memory of poor King Abdulla. How they used to scoff, in the latter days of the Palestine mandate, when they were favouring the Mufti and the Husseinis, at his scheme for a Greater Syria combined with a deal with the Jewish Agency. Abdulla may have been an anachronism, but he was a peculiarly charming one and well aware of what was going on. 'I seem to hear the howling of the Zionist wolves,' he said to me, almost 11 years ago to the day, in his winter palace, like a toy fort, in the Jordan valley, 'but I also hear the hissing of my deadly enemies, the Husseinis, as they sharpen their knives against me, and I wonder whether the British government in its wisdom knows what it is up to.' It didn't, of course; but his fears were perfectly justified; the Husseinis murdered him not long afterwards. To journalists, Abdulla was irresistible. He always gave you a splendid story followed by lunch and a game of chess. This he played, at reasonable club standard, with disconcerting speed. There was also an up-to-date version, which he and his Prime Minister had invented, with a board of a hundred squares and two extra pieces, the fighter plane and the atomic bomb. This, I think, was reserved for state occasions. He was always a great one for jokes. T. E. Lawrence found him too frivolous. In the desert he used to entice his court jester to sit on a pile of rugs under which a little gunpowder mine had been placed.

* * *

A taxi-driver, whom I hailed from the pavement, drove on through the sleet, gesturing with a frog-gloved hand towards the near-by rank. 'You see how it is,' said the driver of the front taxi on the rank as he opened the door for me, 'we cab-drivers always stick together. We're nearly as loyal to each other as the Prime Minister to Selwyn Lloyd.'

* * *

My diamond merchant friend with whom I had lunch was full of economic forebodings. We meet periodically, at rather long intervals, and nearly always, it seems, when catastrophe threatens. But I have to make allowances for his temperament; he is an example of a rather unusual type: the euphoric pessimist. The diamond trade, he maintains, is well known to be a peculiarly sensitive barometer of the global economy. It reacts to the remotest contingencies and has even been said to register in advance changes in the Kremlin's military policy – via the demand for stones for the Red Army generals' decorations. Just now it is showing its most ominous sign. The really big gem stones are commanding the highest prices ever. An eight-carat stone is now fetching from £1,100 to £1,200 – in the market – per carat, as compared with £800 to £900 a few months ago. There is a demand for huge stones as big as eggs. Some of this is accounted for by the fact that the King of Arabia is in one of his diamond moods. He has instructed his official gem-buyer, the octogenarian Ali Riza, who lost a fortune when pearls dived to a fifth of their price in the Thirties, to stock up. But the volume of buying is believed to be so great it can only indicate that sensitive, internationally minded gentlemen, Greek 'multis' and other wise men of the Levant, are apprehensive of currency depreciations and 'cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air'. They wish to convert part of their fortunes into something hard and portable. Diamonds are still the only commodity of which you can carry enough to live on in luxury for the rest of your days in your waistcoat pocket. On the other hand, industrial diamonds are down as a result of the recession. This, as I reminded my friend, is in a way a consolation; for when we lunched together at the time of the Korean crisis he assured me that the most sinister sign of all, so far as the omens for peace or war were concerned, was a sudden sharp rise in the price of boart, which is the coarsest form of diamond, used extensively in heavy industry.

* * *

Anyone who has made use of the Parker Pen Company's service depot on the ground floor of Bush House will agree that the girls behind the counter are models of patience and courtesy. They seem, however improbably, to be the last repositories of what Orlando discerned in Adam: 'The constant spirit of the antique world [cf, Marx's reference to the idyllic aspect of certain feudal relations] when service sweat for duty not for meed'. They need to be all this, for the ritual of nib-changing over which they preside is a peculiarly intimate one for some people. There are fountain-pen fetichists, nib-neurotics, who can never achieve complete satisfaction, what they call in the trade nib-joy. I was held up behind one of these for 20 minutes in a queue the other day. After he had gone out muttering through the

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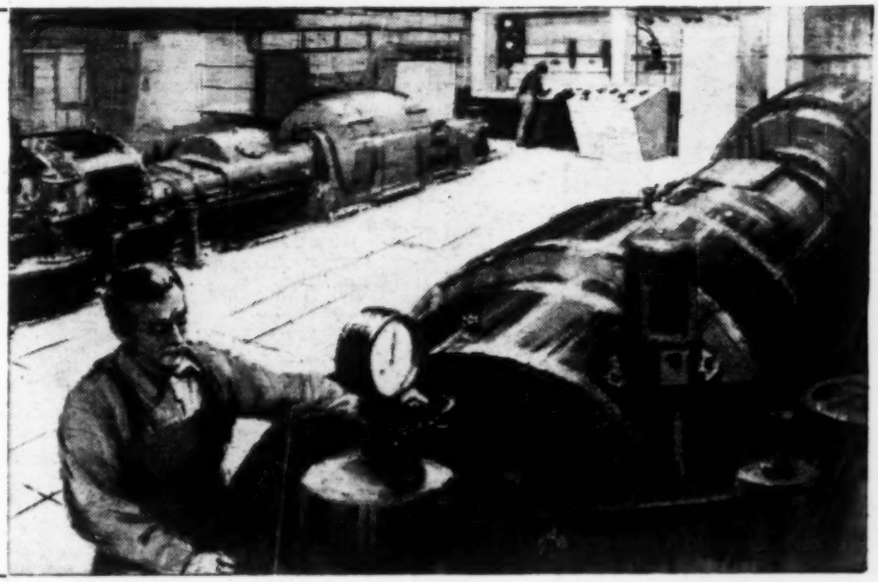

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swing doors the girl apologised for him. 'We call him Old Nibby,' she said.'He has at least a dozen pens and he comes in to change the nibs week after week. Sometimes he pretends they're for his wife.' I feel distinctly sympathetic towards Old Nibby. He deserves to be protected as a survival in the atomic age of the London eccentric. He belongs in the same gallery as Dando the Oyster Thief; the unknown man whom Masson observed frying eggs in a top-hat in the British Museum; and, between the wars, the old Salvationist of Ebury Street, always pushing his barrow of rubbish at the double, shouting 'With Wonderful Love to All!'.

* * *

To turn to somewhat more normal metropolitan activities, Great Turnstile's local borough, St Pancras, opened its Fourth Arts Festival last Saturday and carries on with it until 22 March. The programme is a really impressive display of local talent and civic consciousness. It includes three operas, among them Mozart's *Idomeneo*, performances of *Othello, The Alchemist, Candida* (RADA), Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* (Unity), and films, concerts and exhibitions. The full details can be got from any of the borough public libraries; they form a sizeable booklet.

* * *

The social pressure of television on the viewing classes is brought home to me by a friend who has just emerged from a large London maternity hospital. The woman in the next bed was in tears. 'I feel so lonely and out of it all,' she said, 'I'm the only patient in the ward who hasn't got a television set. It's not that they won't talk to me but I've got nothing to say to them.'

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Husband and wife nursing teams who work on different shifts at St Matthew's Mental Hospital, Burntwood, Staffordshire, yesterday explained why they were threatening to strike over a plan which would allow them to see more of each other. A member of the permanent male night staff said: 'My wife has been on days for three years and we have grown accustomed to this kind of part-time marriage. We strongly object to the proposed upheaval of our domestic life.'—*Manchester Guardian.* (M. C. Davies.)

Bull terrier, jovial young chap, seeks congenial bachelor master for mutual protection against women. —Southern Bredgar, Kent.—Advert in *The Times.* (T. Thomas.)

I always knew the Queen Mother loved horses, but until yesterday I didn't realise how much. Apparently she carries around lumps of sugar in her handbag for equine friends.—*Daily Mail.* (L. A. Morrison.)

A husband complained that his wife made their Continental holidays a misery by insisting on having fish and chips, said a Divorce Court judge yesterday. —*Daily Express.* (L. Lowenthal.)

Since becoming pregnant I find that when my right foot itches I get a letter; when my left foot itches my husband gets a letter.—Letter in *Woman's Sunday Mirror.* (James Bell.)

Acta Sanctorum

St Catherine, each pedestrian feels,
Patronises things on wheels—
But not the old, sedate and stale ways
Of Pancras, patron saint of railways.

St James, of palaces and parks,
St Valentine, of tiresome larks,
Vie with St Benedict's liqueurs;
And now St Clare has televueurs.

Then, for most governmental praxis,
St Matthew still protects the taxes—
Though Bellman Hailsham puts his stake on
St Alban, patron saint of Bacon.

The French possess a tidy few
(For massacres, Bartholomew).
St Bernard (caninised) of course is
Thick with St Leger, who's for horses.

St Swithin does not greatly please,
St Ivel is O.K. for cheese,
But where's the man who, at the bar, is
A suppliant of Apollinaris?

The C. of E.—or so I hope—
Has in the Crown a kind of Pope;
The Honours List, it seems to me,
Neglects our Hagiocracy.

St Selwyn in the slype—St Harold
With halo and white robe apparelled—
Before their effigies in marble
Candles would earn the power to garble.

Then, in some chapel, niche or nook,
St Vitus and St Beaverbrook
Could purge a life-time of repression
By Corybantic intercession,
Telling the Lord about this planet
And how wrong-headedly he ran it.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

I Like America

To spend three months as a 'visiting professor' at a great mid-western university is about as good a way as any of getting to know Americans, and of getting to like and love them. The odd thing about America is the unusually high proportion of really likeable people—especially among the young ones. Their first reaction to a stranger is to assume that he's a nice guy; and if they feel that their first friendly reaction to you was the right one, then you make a lot of friends—and often lasting friends—in a very short time. Of course, many nice young Americans have their limitations. For instance, there are some who don't like Negroes; this dislike is not in any way aggressive; and some definite progress is being made towards a smoother co-existence between the two communities. All the same, it's not easy. At Ohio State University, the Negro students (forming about 10 per cent. of the whole) practise self-segregation; there's an unwritten law that, at the Union cafeteria, they stick to their own half-dozen tables, and the whites stick to theirs. Even so, about 90 per cent. of the white students were against Governor Faubus of Arkansas. One of my own students, a boy of 20, came from Little Rock. At the Union one day, other students tried to draw him into an argument; but he would have none of it. He sat there non-committally and a little glumly, sucking milk through a straw. Afterwards I said: 'Jim, why didn't you say anything?' 'Hell, no,' he said, 'my ideas on the subject are unpopular in this part of the country, so it's better to keep quiet.'

The Americans we meet in Europe all look healthy, wealthy, and self-assured. I got my first real surprise when I met Frank. 'Surely,' I said to myself, 'no *American* could be so unhappy!' An idiotic reflection, I know, but there it is. Frank was my landlady's brother—a cripple and a blind man, with a haggard face lined with suffering and bad temper. He had been a miner in West Virginia and, many years ago, a truck had run into him and broken his back; then he started going blind; after that he fell down the stairs and broke his hip, and now he could hardly move about at all. He sat all day in the dark room, next to the kitchen, listening to the radio and chain-smoking. For all his helplessness, Frank was a bully and a domestic tyrant. He had quarrelled with his first wife, and then with his second wife, as well as with his son and his daughter (he had objected to her marrying what he called 'a Wop'). Now he was dominating his sister who had taken pity on him, and her husband, a dear old man of 75. They were both longing to retire to Florida, where they had relatives, but they just hadn't the heart to put Frank in an institution. Between them and Florida there would always be Frank. Florida to them was what Moscow was to the Three Sisters.

A more pleasant surprise than Frank were the students. In the class of 120, to whom I had to lecture on modern European history, there were, of course, plenty of duds—raw freshmen straight from high-school, who knew nothing. Or else others—chemists, engineers, nurses—who were merely taking this course for a 'credit', and only wanted to scrape through with a C or a D. Sputnik, needless to say, set off an endless amount of discussion on the whole education system in the US, and especially in Ohio (where practically any high-school kid can enter the university, even if he drops out a few months later—as many do—and goes back to the farm). I hope they feel better now that they've got their Explorer up in

the sky; but, last autumn, Sputnik started a kind of iconoclastic orgy among the students; they ran down the 'liberal' and 'democratic' education system as being fit only for halfwits. But apart from Sputnik, what I found most surprising and refreshing was the candour and even the violence of the discussions, especially among the older history students. It is not true that the young American generation is 'smug', as we are told so often. I have heard students declare that they were living in 'a garrison state'; and many do not even accept without reservations the American way of life. I have heard students say that American democracy was merely a screen for rule by the power elite; and most of the older students, though they seldom quote Marx, often refer to Veblen, and all seem to have read critical recent studies like Wright Mills's *Power Elite* and *White Collar*, William Whyte's *The Organisation Man* and Lubell's *Future of American Politics*.

One Sunday morning, in a cafeteria, one of my students threw down with a bang the 500 pages of a Sunday edition of the *New York Times* as he exclaimed: 'Here are 450 pages of advertising, pure rubbish, a symbol of our whole absurd, wasteful economy!' Such 'dangerous' talk one hears chiefly among the poorer students; less often from the fraternity boys. No doubt, a democratic university like Ohio State is, as one of my students remarked, an artificial leveller. American society, he said, fell into several categories and sub-categories: top-top, middle-top, low-top; top-middle, middle-middle, low-middle; top-low, middle-low, low-low; but at the university everybody pretended, more or less, to be middle-middle. It made the top feel generous and the low feel good. To me, the idea of a 'poor American' seemed incongruous at first. Yet there are plenty of poor Americans. Despite the artificial levelling, most of the richer students live in fraternities, with their Chevrolets and Cadillacs all lined up in front of the fraternity houses. The poorer ones live mostly in rooming houses or 'halls'. Some have a very thin time, and are often almost undernourished. For, to get through college, you have to have $1,200 to $1,500 a year, and many of the poorer students have to work in cafeterias or groceries at night, or heave sacks of flour or coal on the railroad. A very high proportion get married between 20 and 22, partly for sexual reasons, partly for economic reasons – the wife either has a little money or a job of her own.

Broadly speaking, neither the rich nor the poor are standardised individuals; no doubt they have gregarious reflexes where football is concerned but that is perhaps about all. What is striking is the complexity of seemingly perfectly 'ordinary' Americans of the young generation. Take, for instance, a young fellow like Drew, son of a white-collar insurance salesman; he was, in his own way, a rebel against *big* capitalism. His ambition in life was to be his own boss. He was going to invest what little money he had in a jeep with some sort of bulldozer attached, and he would dig trenches for building contractors, and in this way, he assured me, he could earn about 100 dollars a day and be dependent on nobody.

Drew had been a GI out in Japan. With youthful bravado (he was only 24) he would tell me about his Japanese girl-friend; he said Jap girls liked Americans because Americans were polite to women, whereas Japs treated their women like crap; and they also loved hearing about New York and Hollywood and never tired of looking through glossy American magazines. But then, suddenly, Drew would start wondering whether there wasn't something wrong with the world; ordinary Japs had four times less money than any GI; and they lived lousily, and hadn't enough to

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eat, and, of course, they hated the Americans at heart. From there he'd go on wondering what could be done about Communism, which was sure to appeal to miserable people like Japs, and to even more miserable people like Koreans. For Korea, he said, was just hell. Coming from a very ordinary, unpolitical student of Business Administration, all this sounded surprising. 'I'm telling you,' Drew once remarked, 'we've talked loud enough all these years, but, by God, we've never at heart been absolutely sure of ourselves ever since we lost China to the goddam Communists.' And, on another occasion, while looking at pictures in *Life* magazine, he said: 'This fleet of Cadillacs in Saudi Arabia – do you think that'll settle anything for us in the long run?'

Partly, perhaps, because almost the entire staff of the history department, including its chief, Professor Foster Rhea Dulles (a first cousin of *the* Dulles) are on the liberal side, its students are nearly all tremendous admirers of Roosevelt. But the same is probably true of most other undergraduates; I've never heard one say anything against Roosevelt. This, I was told, was a big change from the attitude to FDR only a few years ago. For one thing, I found a very lively interest among students in New Deal economics, and many of the young people were saying it was high time Washington showed some imagination, as it had done in the Thirties. One student from Youngstown, where the steel mills had recently been firing a lot of people, was saying: 'We may, before long, have to get back to New Deal economics, complete with public works – these are much better than the kind of wasteful arms race we are practising now.' If Roosevelt's stock has gone up, Truman's has gone down. Few among the students think him in any way a great man and, to many, his name is associated with a pretty tolerant attitude to McCarthyism. To all the students I met McCarthyism was something very shameful and disreputable.

What is the average history student's attitude to the outside world? At my lectures and seminars I found the interest was greatest of all in two countries – Russia and England. Russia was, of course, *the* enemy; but, as one student put it, 'an interesting enemy whose methods and ideas in the world today we cannot ignore'. There was no inclination to laugh off the more absurd or objectionable aspects of the Soviet system; there was, instead, a genuine desire to *understand*. One graduate student went even so far as to say: 'I take my hat off to them. They were a miserable goddam country 40 years ago; and look at them now! All these 40 years we've sniggered just a little too much at them. They played a very big part in licking Hitler; after that, their country was in ruins, and now, 10 to 12 years later, they are ahead of us with their Sputniks and things. There must be a *reason* for it'. Even at the height of the Sputnik scare, very few believed in the imminence of war; many did, however, think at that time that Russia might get away with an awful lot, without going to extremes; and many talked of the danger of America's being forced to practise 'appeasement' towards Russia – at least until she caught up with her in the missile field.

Appeasement: in the course of my lectures on the 1930s I had to deal a lot with the appeasement policy. And, after one lecture, a student came up to me and said: 'What you said about Chamberlain is all very well, but don't you think we might be up against the same damned situation one of these days, with people saying: "Would you die for Turkey?" or "Would you risk the very existence of the United States for the sake of Korea?"' And he added: 'No doubt Ike is right talking about "deterrents" at this juncture. But, surely, there must be some other way out. Couldn't we and the Russians agree to split up the world into two spheres of influence?' This was going much further than most of the other students would go. Nobody really knew what the correct answer was; but one thing I am positive about; not one of them thought Dulles was the man likely to find the correct answer.

To these young people the 1920s and even the 1930s were very remote, and it took some doing in getting them interested in Clemenceau or Lloyd George, Baldwin or Briand; Hitler was a sort of movie monster, and therefore quite exciting; Stalin, whom many still remembered, was, of course, also a monster in his own way, but a more constructive and successful one, when you came to think of it. Probably the most popular man of all was Churchill. The first time that I felt some real excitement among my audience of 120 – even among the nurses – was the day when I started telling them about Churchill, and the Battle of Britain, and the London blitz. And I could almost hear them purring when I told them how Roosevelt had done his utmost to save Britain in her hour of need, and how well he got on with Churchill.

At my graduate seminars, I found a very genuine interest in post-war Britain, in the Labour Party and the Welfare State. Many thought the health service an excellent idea which America ought to have adopted long ago; one boy with a swollen jaw, who had just had two wisdom teeth pulled out for $20, felt particularly strongly on the subject. Some also showed a mild interest in the monarchy and in the attacks on the monarchy – about which there had been a great deal in the American press. I once remarked that George VI, who was a lovable man but who had not much personality and few ideas of his own, had really proved a perfect king and a great improvement on Edward VIII. Whereupon one student grinned and said: 'You mean you like your King or Queen plain dumb?' That, I explained, was *not* what I had said.

No doubt many of the students were nothing more than playboys, having a good time and looking upon their education as being merely a boring stepping-stone into a well-paid job. But even these were shaken by Sputnik, and one observed a critical, sceptical attitude to everything: to Washington, to America's allies, to the very foundations of the American economy. Isolationist currents – though admitted to be unrealistic – are still strong in the Middle West. In itself, Marshall Aid was not popular, except as a defence measure that had been decided upon by Washington. Many students, when I was there, liked to talk about Point Four, which it might be essential to take up again, not for any altruistic motives, but for 'America's own safety'. But here again there was much confusion on whether 'helping India and cutting down the American standard of living' provided any answer either to America's economic or international problems. Nobody seemed to be able to visualise very clearly an apocalyptic all-out nuclear war; therefore there was no genuine panic. But the parents of many of my students had suffered fearful hardships in the days of the Great Slump, and people were more slump-conscious than war-conscious.

What other interests, apart from getting a job, have American undergraduates these days? They love discussing America and the world. A typical remark was made to me by a medical student, as we were watching a TV movie: 'You say Hollywood gives Europe the wrong idea of America; don't worry, it also gives America the wrong idea of America'. The great mass of students are, naturally, frantic football fans. But they have also other interests, ranging from the burlesque shows downtown, full of gestures, jokes and limericks which would give the Lord Chamberlain a thousand fits, to a genuine cultivation of musical understanding. LP records have played a vital part in developing this important sideline in almost every educated young American's life. At the Union one night I found myself surrounded by a dozen excited young people, just because I had mentioned the fact of having met both Shostakovich and Prokofiev. And several of these young people knew far more about the less familiar works than I did.

Decidedly, I like America. Or an awful lot of it, anyway.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Stardust

A BIG Hollywood studio was making a contemporary movie in Pakistan, and Aimée Godden, its star, had arrived in Karachi for work on location.

Her uneventful stay in the country commenced with a press conference. I arrived at the Hotel Majestic at five o'clock of a stifling afternoon, and was shown into a lounge, on the door of which a placard proclaimed: MISS GODDEN'S PRESS CONFERENCE. Inside, I found the star and the male lead (ageing heartbreaker of pre-Cinemascope days) seated at a small table, drinking iced water. He hardly uttered a word during the subsequent proceedings, relying confidently on a smile which had helped sell many a tube of toothpaste. Scattered around the room, on an assortment of chairs, sat the gentlemen of the press, and one lady in a bright orange sari.

I was seized by the shoulder and dragged to an empty chair beside Aimée – her press agent wasn't taking any chances. I had been drinking with him the previous night, so I knew.

"Thanks, Harry," I said. "It was nice of you to have kept a place for me, *so near*!"

The film critic of the *Herald* started the ball rolling by asking Aimée:

"What are your first impressions of Karachi, Miss Godden?"

"It's hot."

"Have you been in the East before?"

"Yeah. I was born in New York." This caused Harry to emit first a squeal, then a groan.

A representative of Radio Pakistan inquired:

"Will television succeed in smashing the film industry in the States?"

"Are you kiddin'?" Aimée laconically replied, which was rather unfair.

At this moment Ed Stoker, the director, came in and sat in a corner, concealing his face behind a copy of *The Pakistan Film Journal*. He was a thorough man, and there was nothing he did not want to know something about, however painful. Without this piercing quality he would never have left his Rumanian village and directed 32 flawless films.

A sad, anaemic-looking reporter from *Dusk* raised one arm and asked:

"In your opinion, Miss Godden, who is the greatest living director, now that Eisenstein is dead?"

Aimée flicked the ash off her cigarette, and clutching her hair in a quasi-dramatic gesture, intoned:

"Mr Ed Stoker."

Ed looked up and said "Yeah?"

"Nothing," said Harry, handing him a glass of iced water.

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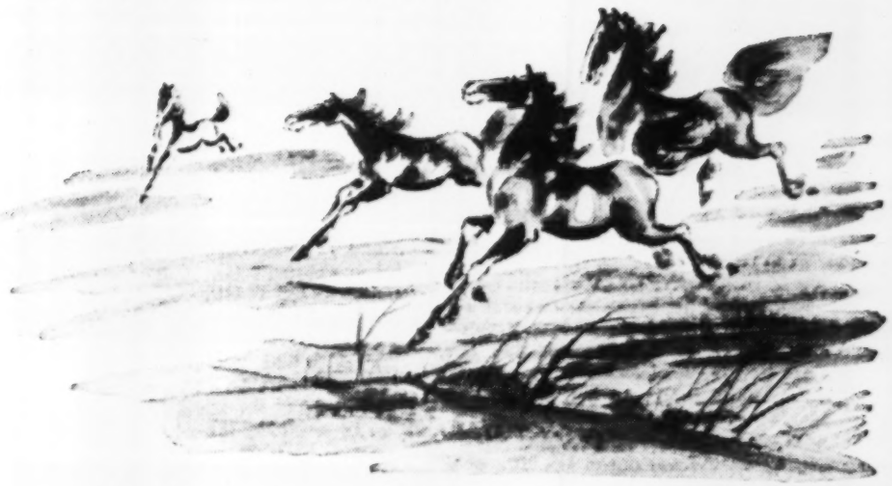

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March

Poetic licence is all very well, but you would be ill-advised to emulate the archer who shot his arrow into the air without, so far as we can find, taking any interest in its subsequent career. Such carefree abandon would have won for you no praise at Agincourt or Crecy; neither—coming nearer home—would it commend you to any modern company of archers, of which there exist many more than you think. For archery is an ancient and an honourable sport—and one, moreover, that has added something to the language. *Exempli Gratia:* The Midland Bank is as 'straight as an arrow'; its resources are such that its 'bolt' is never 'spent'; and in the service it offers, it has 'many strings to its bow'. . . .This exercise in toxophilitic metaphor (no doubt as tiring to read as it was to write) practically exhausts our knowledge of the subject. Our customers will agree, however, that at least we have not been guilty in it of 'pulling the long bow'.

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The disenchanted lady in orange, who wrote occasionally for the *Morning Times*, came out pat with:

"Which is the greatest film you have ever seen, Miss Godden?"

Aimée winced, stubbed her cigarette, and said in an even voice, staring hopelessly into the ash-tray:

"Mr. Stoker's last."

Ed put down his magazine and took a long drink of iced water.

The *Pakistan Economic Observer* had sent along one of its regular contributors, who usually wrote about agricultural affairs. He looked bored, but evidently felt that a note of realism should be struck, and inquired, looking at Ed's face, which was blankly revealed:

"How long will it take for you to make this film, Mr. Stoker?"

Ed took off his spectacles and began:

"Well I guess the way things are, after we've gotten round to seeing the government, and finding out what facilities they're prepared to offer—I reckon about six weeks should see us through. There's still a lot of equipment on the way, and . . ."

Here Harry interrupted by saying bluntly:

"Mr. Stoker hasn't worked out his schedule yet. I'll release it to the press when it's ready." He was perspiring in earnest now.

Aimée, realising the farce had played itself out, said:

"Gentlemen, I'm *very* tired, *would* you mind . . ."

Harry, galvanised into action, cleared the lounge in five minutes, patting each back affectionately. The male lead relaxed his smile and asked:

"Who would say *nein* to a drink?"

Harry returned, mopping his brow, followed by a bearer carrying a tray of dry Martinis.

When we had all said "Cheers", Aimée turned to me, and with an unforgettable look from her liquid eyes asked:

"What do those guys do for a living?"

The next morning, only the film critic of the *Herald* justified the salary he received from its editor by producing this admirable distortion:

> Miss Aimée Godden, within hours of her arrival in Karachi, had formed a most favourable opinion of our capital, and paid a sincere tribute to the city where she is destined to work for six weeks, by replying to my question: What are your first impressions of Karachi?—"*It's hot.*" This, in American slang, means *It's terrific!*

The rest of the copy was dull.

OMAR CHOWDHURY

The Arts and Entertainment

Hornrimmed Jazz

TIME and majority voting decide most critical problems. However, since time has not yet decided that Mr Dave Brubeck's Quartet will occupy the modest position in the history of the new jazz that, say, Joe Venuti's Blue Four did in that of the old, and since the critics differ violently, there is little to be done, even after his opening concerts, but to note their disagreements. Mr Paul Desmond, the Quartet's devoted alto player, has explained that its music has 'the vigour and force of simple jazz, the harmonic complexities of Bartok and Milhaud, the form (and much of the dignity) of Bach and, at times, the lyric romanticism of Rachmaninov'. On the other hand a French critic sympathetic to modern jazz observes: 'Brubeck thought he was showing his originality by borrowing "classical" piano technique and procedures . . . but reminds me of those piano-players in bars . . . who can interpret popular songs or classical pieces "in the style of" such and such a pianist, but he differs from them in having built this amalgamation into a real system'. (I can only add that at the Festival Hall he added to this impression by working in a bagful of quotations from Bach to pop songs, without losing the thread of his solos.) Mr Steve Race, who is both player and critic, says of Brubeck's opening concert that 'when the peak of musical invention is reached, one is privileged to be present'. On the other hand an able 'cool' pianist of my acquaintance argues that nobody can improvise for as long as Brubeck without relying primarily on musical routines rather than invention.

Anything I can say about Brubeck is therefore likely to provoke sharp disagreement, especially in the American college audiences among whom he has established himself as a favourite, not wholly because his Quartet (except for the bass-player) looks like a clean-cut lot of hornrimmed lads, intellectuals maybe, but not obtrusively so. They are fine players. They know a lot of music. They improvise. If their ensemble work is rather less complex than that of the late Jelly-Roll Morton, the giant of the New Orleans sporting world, they make up for it by better manners. None of them has built himself a diamond into his front tooth. And there can be nothing but genuine applause for Mr Brubeck's refusal to have any drug-addicts in his group. But there must be some standards in jazz criticism. This group is not in the same class as the Modern Jazz Quartet which recently visited us. Mr Morello is way beyond any British drummer, but he competes with men like Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Chico Hamilton and Art Blakey. Mr Paul Desmond plays a sweet alto, but not the blues. In brief, the Brubeck Quartet make a charming and interesting noise, in life as on record (*Jazz Goes to Junior College*, Fontana), but for this critic at least this is not enough.

Brubeck's visit and the inclusion of some jazz in the Françoise Sagan ballet once again raise the vexed question of the status of jazz as 'serious' music, for which jazzmen have yearned ever since Gershwin's Rhapsody was launched among the white ties of New York in 1924. Nothing is more tempting to self-made arts – and jazz is by far the most self-made one of our times – than the cultural 'establishment'. But just as a first-rate labour leader does not gain by turning himself into a second-rate peer, so a major, and serious, popular art does not gain by aspiring to be a minor orthodox one. The fusion between jazz and classical music, of which so many jazzmen dream, may come about; but so far it has not. The artistic value of even the most serious attempts to achieve it – even Ellington's, whose music is to be heard again on *A Blues Serenade* (HMV 10in.) and the admirable Johnny Hodges 12in. on Columbia-Clef 33CX 10098 – is much interior to their technical interest.

The most important achievements of jazz are still those of straight players who blow; as witness the magnificent Armstrong of 1928-30 on vol. 3 of the *Louis Armstrong Story* (Philips), a wholly indispensable record. The most perennial and indestructible music that has come out of jazz is still that with the fewest orthodox pretensions, the sort of thing that is heard on Rushing's *If This Ain't The Blues* (Vanguard 12in.). And the best atmosphere for jazz is still neither the study nor the recital room, but the back of a bar-room or night-club, as London readers can judge even on Sunday afternoons (3-6) if they go to the sessions of the Joe Harriott Quartet at the *Star* club (159, Wardour Street); a coloured-white group led by a notable Parkerish alto-player which produces some of the coolest but least frozen music around town. Musicians who remember this, like the Modern Jazz Quartet, can permit themselves a lot of art music. Those who, like Brubeck, are tempted to forget it, must expect a mixed reception.

Alas, one noise, which has little to do with Milhaud, will not be heard again: the voice of Big Bill Broonzy, who never got closer to college than working as a janitor at Iowa State. As most British jazz-lovers will know by now, pneumonia has taken his voice, the American medical profession his savings. Little known in his own country, Big Bill has built up a wholly deserved reputation on his British tours: a huge, brown man who looked fifty and is sixty-five, and the best singer of country blues ever heard in the flesh over here. The British jazz profession is organising a Benefit Concert for him at the Coliseum on 9 March. Lyttelton, Dankworth, Mulligan, the Dill Jones Trio, Al Fairweather, Chas McDevitt's skifflers, Bruce Turner, Sandy Brown, Johnny Duncan and numerous others will take part, as well as Alan Lomax and Rory McEwen, the folk-song experts. Readers are strongly urged to buy tickets in this good cause, or to send a donation to the Broonzy Benefit Fund, c/o the *Melody Maker*, 189 High Holborn. Another Benefit Concert, probably with Chris Barber, Colyer and Donegan is to take place at the Dominion on 14 March. Those who wish to know why good American folksingers deserve our support may find some indications in the new bi-monthly *Recorded Folk Music* (1s. per issue) which A. L. Lloyd edits and Collets publish.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Old Vic Lear

FOR the overthrowing of that ancient heresy that *Lear* should be read but not seen, the dramatic critics can for once, perhaps, claim a little credit. But enough is enough is enough. We don't want Lear once a week, and it should surely wait for the rare occasion when the finest actors of each generation feel impelled to attempt it. For without genius at the very least in the name part (ideally, of course, we need just the right species of genius), a performance seems, more than anything else, very long. The Old Vic, it is true, cannot help themselves; they are committed to the whole folio and in these circumstances Mr Paul Rogers was as good a choice as they could make for their Lear. He is a highly intelligent actor, highly sensitive to language and coming up already to the grand scale. But he has one deficiency fatal to the playing of the part – his voice, though strong and resonant, is almost wholly monotonal. It can be louder or softer, but hardly moves in range and, though the monotonal never descends to the monotonous – the performance is much too carefully and interestingly planned for that – it does lose too much.

With an interesting but not dominating Lear, the producer will naturally be tempted to make

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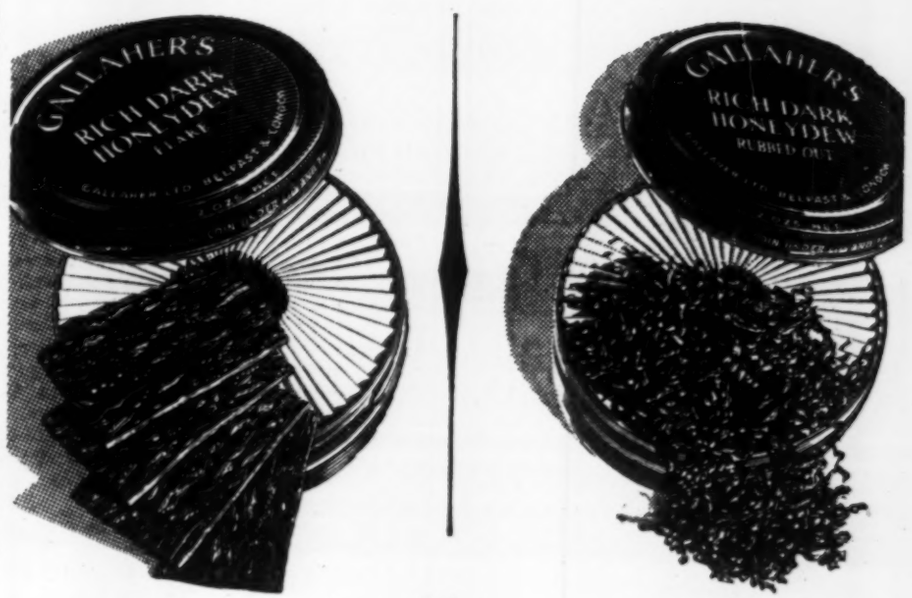

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PER OZ.

all he can of the sub-plot, and Mr Douglas Seale plunges into the temptation with every evidence of relish. In his treatment of the histories we have admired his capacity for milking every dramatic moment to the last drop and pointing up any conceivable hint of character motivation. When this technique is applied to *Lear,* it produces a false emphasis. Mr Seale may claim with some justice that he makes more sense than usual of the Cornwall-Albany melodrama, and its intrigues of blood and lust. But he cannot claim, I think, that he makes it more interesting because there is, comparatively speaking, no real interest there to start with; that is the defect of the play (and the one sensible argument for reading rather than seeing it is that one can skip a lot of this).

The dramatic point of the Albany-Cornwall thread is surely to throw into relief the barbarism of the world in which Lear's tragedy is played out, and Mr Seale's striking opening combined with a particularly vigorous Lear, fixed this image for us admirably, but we don't need it pointed and repointed. Then, as the evening went on Mr Seale seemed to be less and less educing his points from inside the words and more and more illustrating them by more or less appropriate actions applied from the outside. Two small examples. 'Come, let's away to prison' simply must not be illustrated in the middle by a forward march of Lear, Cordelia and guards. To ruin this most superlative of speeches by 'appropriate action' is grossly insensitive, as no less it is to allow such a superb and seminal line as 'A man may rot even here' to go for nothing. The tendency to illustrate is, I suggest, one that Mr Seale must watch in himself.

After the excellent opening ten minutes, the company seemed noisily and busily at odds in the first act, settled down to a good performance in the second and were encouraged to let go too much in the last. Mr Leslie Hurry can always be counted on for atmosphere in his decor, but I cannot help thinking that the decorative problem of the play has hardly been solved when no hovel is provided for the hovel scene: and to dress the attendants on Albany and Cornwall all in rags was a puzzling piece of symbolism.

T. C. WORSLEY

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The Star of Cubism

THE *Daily Express* has been running a feature on Picasso at home:

> In his early days Picasso tramped Paris trying to sell etchings and canvases to uninterested dealers. The dealer who did adopt him and is still his sole dealer today – was Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. A year ago he sold 70 new Picasso canvases for a reputed average of £5,000 each. 'It's like a lottery,' said Picasso one day. 'A man might win a lottery once in a lifetime. It's every day with Kahnweiler!' . . . 'But,' he went on, 'prices don't really mean a thing. It's all the same now. We can't eat fifty times a day!' Nevertheless he goes on painting.

In that 'nevertheless' is gently implied all the contradictions that exist between the artist's aims and the values of capitalist society. On reflection it is clear that Marx did not exaggerate:

> Even the highest intellectual productions are only recognised and accepted by the bourgeois because they are presented as direct producers of material wealth and wrongly shown to be such.

The large Juan Gris exhibition at the Marlborough Galleries is being held in honour of D-H. Kahnweiler – who was also Gris's dealer. John Russell in his Introduction re-tells his success story and ends up, comparing Kahnweiler with his uncle who made a fortune out of gold mining, by saying, 'And if we are to speak of gold mines it would seem to me that his has lasted as well as his uncle's'. Indeed we are to speak of gold mines! Two cultivated men gaze at one of Gris' early *collages* (one of the subsidiary aims of the Cubists in incorporating bits of actual newspaper and other scraps into their pictures was to prove that art could be made even out of 'waste' material) – as they gaze, one leans towards the other and says quietly, 'There are not enough on the market to disturb the prices yet.'

I am the last to make art holy, but the constant experience of cutting through every variety of commercial interest to reach the works, does remind one a little of the traders in the Temple. And if the sceptical ask how it can ever be otherwise, Gramasci has long since replied: 'Is humanity, as a reality and as an idea, a point of departure – or a point of arrival?' The contrast between the worlds of business and art is particularly striking in the case of a painter as uncompromising and as austere as Juan Gris. Kahnweiler (who incidentally deserves the honour of this exhibition, as the friend and confidant of the artist, and in spite of the fact that he is a successful dealer, not because of it, calls Gris 'one of the saints of painting'.

By temperament Gris appears to have been obstinate, cold, mean, but courageous about his health – he died at 40; his great virtues as an artist were his intelligence and clarity, the latter quality being the result, as with Stendhal, of an extreme, disciplined frankness. He was as near to a scientist as any modern painter has been, and thus, because Picasso's and Braque's discovery of Cubism was the discovery of a formula, Gris was the purest and most apt of all the Cubists.

It may seem shocking in our period of hysterical individualism to say that Cubism supplied a formula. Yet this was its unique advantage over all other twentieth-century movements, and is why many second-rate artists who came under its influence were temporarily made first-rate. At its best it was not, of course, a formula for making pictures, although it finally became that; it was a formula for interpreting and understanding reality.

There are nine paintings (1912-1916), eight of them still-lives and one a portrait, in the first room of this exhibition, which demonstrate what this formula was, and what, in the hands of a master-applier like Gris, it could reveal. Theoretically, the reality of an object for a Cubist consisted of the sum total of all its possible appearances. Yet in practice this total could never be arrived at, because the number of possible visual appearances (or aspects) was infinite. Consequently, the most the Cubist could do, was somehow to suggest the range of, the infinity of possibilities open to, his vision. The real subject of a Cubist painting is not a bottle or a violin; the real subject is always the same, and is the functioning of sight itself. The bottle or the violin is only the point of focus, the stake to which the artist's circling vision is tied. (The Cubists' trick of imitating the surfaces of the objects they were painting – by wood graining, marble patterning, etc. – served to fix this necessary focus in the quickest possible way.) To look at a Cubist painting is like looking at a star. The star exists objectively, as does the subject of the painting. But its shape is the result of our looking at it.

The artist, in other words, became his own subject, not in any subjective or egocentric manner, but as a result of his considering himself and the functioning of his own senses as an integral part of the Nature he was studying. This was the formula for Cubism and when Cézanne insisted on being faithful to Nature via his *petit sensation* he predicted it. Again, however, I want to emphasise that by formula I mean a new, revolutionary truth, which once posed, can be generally learned, taught and applied. Why revolutionary? Because, simultaneously with the scientific discoveries of that period (Rutherford, Planck, Einstein) which were just beginning to give man, for the first time in history, the possibility of an adequate control of his environment, the Cubist formula presupposed, also for the first time in history, man living unalienated from Nature. And it is perhaps this which explains why those few Cubist pictures which were created during the years immediately preceding the first world war are the calmest works painted since the French Revolution.

Following the war and its consequences, the prophetic confidence of the Cubists was broken. They had enlarged the vocabulary of painting, but the revolutionary meaning of what they had added was largely forgotten. Only Léger remained consistently faithful to the original spirit of Cubism: Picasso was so spasmodically: whilst Braque and Gris withdrew into decorative idioms – Gris in an architectural spirit, Braque with the spirit of an epicure poet.

It still seems logical to believe, however, that when eventually a modern tradition of art and teaching is established – and this tradition will inevitably be materialist in philosophy and uncommercial in context – it is to Cubism that its exponents will return as a starting point. Meanwhile, for those interested in this art of the future, there are the nine earliest, most marvellous canvases in this exhibition.

JOHN BERGER

Reluctant Heroine

AMONG foreboding titles *Carve Her Name With Pride* (Leicester Square) must rank high. Oh Lord, one thinks, who will it be this time – Boadicea, Nurse Cavell? As a matter of fact Cavell isn't far off the mark, though the monument is more modest; it's the last war, and a girl catapulted into France to help the Resistance. She succeeds once, she goes back and gets captured, undergoes the Gestapo, the train escape, the camp, and the execution at dawn. She was Violette Szabo, half-French, and she came from the kind of ugly little bow-windowed terrace that abounds in Fulham or West Hampstead.

This is the film's trump card – her surroundings, the incongruity that out of such would emerge active courage. She is a reluctant heroine, content with a job at Woolworth's, meetings in the park, the warden's post. But she happens to marry a French officer who is killed, and when the army sleuths get on to her (because of her history and her French speaking), she hesitates but agrees. This could, obviously, have been a first-rate film.

That it is rather less so is due to a number of things: the English habit of slipping into genre when conviction is wanted; the fact that semi-fictional narrative interposes between us and the characters and events on the screen; the example of *This Happy Breed*; and the irritation, if London has seemed not quite real, of trying to believe in a Rouen under the Occupation and a concentration camp. The disabilities are too many. Virginia McKenna escapes the usual screen-groomed look, and has shyness and desperation, but do we wholly believe in her Rouen activities? Perhaps this is hardly her fault; nor the fact that her 'perfect French' is confined to one line. She does nicely, but a bit more hard-core is needed. Jack Warner is her SW6 father, inevitably. She has a daughter, and in the end the child goes to Buckingham Palace to receive the decoration from the extended arm of – a voice tells us – George VI.

But at least as fictional biography it has the advantage over *The Story of Dr Schweitzer* (Cinephone), which has, it appears, the approval of Schweitzer himself, and Pierre Fresnay in the part. It may not be easy to put over a saint, but this sententious healer and rapt organ-player is pious caricature, whatever its original may think. It covers the period of his life from the French medical studies to the doctoring in Africa up to 1914, when he was interned.

Bob Hope and Fernandel are the promise of *Paris Holiday* (London Pavilion), produced and thought up by 'Mr Robert Hope'. The two comedians appear, more or less, as themselves; friendly rivals, Nose versus Horse Mouth, and both on the sexual rampage. The supporting or affronting females are Anita Ekberg and Martha Hyer. After an ocean trip they come to Paris together, and a crazy thriller gets under way, in Technirama and Technicolor, but some sequences are funny, especially when horse-play takes the place of wise-cracking. Fernandel, the better comedian, shines as a laundress, an aeronaut; and Bob Hope appeals most hanging from a rope-ladder trailed by a helicopter in a good, chasing finale.

Happy Is the Bride (Ritz) is a new version of *Quiet Wedding*, neither so new nor so charming as Asquith in his day. Still, I suppose it preserves the humorous amenities; a prospective Liberal candidate looks to the future, and house decorators stage a lightning strike. Roy Boulting

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directs, Cecil Parker is the overloaded father, Joyce Grenfell weighs in with cheerfulness and rhymed saws, and the policeman established by Bernard Miles is given Terry-Thomas's moustache and boots. Quite a nice primer in English county manners – if a bit out of date.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Signifying Something

I WISH that every television play were as perfectly suited to its medium as *A Winter Journey*, by James Hanley, is to the medium of sound-radio; this play would actually be less effective, because its demand on the imagination would be reduced, if it were in vision also. (It was done on the Third on Monday and is to be repeated tonight, Friday, at 10.) This sketch of an old Welsh woman living alone may be slightly too fey for some tastes: it is full of soughing winds and echoing voices, and the sound-effects which are an integral part of it sometimes convey incongruous suggestions; one sequence, meant to be weird and horrific, unfortunately reminded me of a ghost-train at a fair. Yet the author and the producer, John Gibson, succeed in a very short time (the play lasts only 35 minutes) in so heightening your sensitivity that you share in the old woman's ordeal as, blind or nearly so, she gropes her way down the dangerous stairs and across the car-loud road to the post office; you are nervously aware of each petty collision with the furniture, you make the effort and feel the relief as, later, she takes her shoes off. It is not exactly great, or 'pure', art; but a mood and an atmosphere are created, as in a nocturne by Debussy. The old woman is beautifully played by Rachel Thomas, the only fault in the characterisation being that she is almost too sweet: old women living alone sometimes get fretful and shirty, they do not always accept neglect by their children with this one's charitable resignation . . . 'of course, she's very busy now with her husband – the other day he sent me a postal order.'

Which reminds me. Middle-aged sneak-viewers of an Associated-Rediffusion school programme last Friday (most of them probably, like me, TV truants who had just been watching the Park Handicap at Sandown) had an uncovenanted treat – a long extract from that most unforgettable of all the old GPO Film Unit documentaries, *Night Mail*, with the famous Auden jingle (*'This is the night mail crossing the Border, Bringing the cheque and the postal order . . .* '). This came at the end of a remarkably good lesson on the appreciation of poetry, in which Mr Day Lewis argued genially with a schoolboy who asked all the old questions as if they were new to him, as indeed they are in every generation: 'But what *use* is poetry?' 'What use is toffee?' 'You can enjoy it.' 'Exactly – that's the first thing about poetry.'

There were some startlingly good moments, late on Tuesday night, in an ITV programme, *The White Jungle*, in which dozens of coloured people, born here or immigrant, told tolerantly or resentfully of their experiences of discrimination and prejudice: particularly enjoyable was the elderly Negro landlord who preferred, on the whole, having White tenants because that is strictly business, whereas a coloured tenant 'tends to drift into friendliness leading to expected charitableness'; also the West Indian worker who, on its being supposed by a white fellow-worker that, at home, he would be wearing only a loincloth, said to himself 'I've got to treat this man with a bit of finesse'; also the British Guianese stowaway who hadn't found the austerities of the hold too trying because, being an Anglican, he was accustomed to the Lenten fast. This programme had some rough edges, largely because most of it was done live, evidently without too much rehearsal; but this also intensified its impact. It contained some shocking disclosures: a qualified pilot claimed to have been told by the personnel officer of a 'government' air-line: 'We can't employ you because of your colour.' At first I thought Mr Edric Connor's defiant beard and manner too overpowering; but they helped to create the total effect of a strange, disturbing, tactless programme which the BBC would probably never have put on, for unexceptionable policy reasons – certainly not with the bitter ballad with which it began and ended:

If you'se white, you'se all right;
If you'se brown, stick aroun' –
But as you'm black – woo . . . ooh, brother! git back, git back, git back . . .

Yet the BBC, earlier on Tuesday evening, broadcast another of the hospital series, *Your Life in Their Hands*, which has so gravely upset the *BMJ* and many squeamish viewers. It is almost as though the old Corporation, stung by the continuing success of *Emergency – Ward 10*, had decided to show that it could outdo ITV in daring. Yet this is in itself, as is claimed for it, a scientific survey of the work of hospitals, presented with the utmost of gravity and without any factitious histrionics. (One doctor could hardly bring himself to utter the familiar TV cliché, 'I now hand you back to . . .') Indeed, most of it is almost too didactic for its time in the evening – 9.30 on Tuesday – and one feels that many an eyelid must droop as an anonymous doctor painstakingly explains, with diagrams, the functions of atrium and ventricle. (This was rather like a *Time* coverage of Ike's inside.) But then comes the climax of the programme, and those who don't feel obliged to shut their eyes, wincing, will certainly open them wide; for on Tuesday (for instance) we were shown an actual mitrovalvotomy – the big triangular hole gaping in the patient's chest, the heart itself pulsating, the quick stitchwork (like champion high-speed knitting), the terribly yet reassuringly cool commentary: 'The finger will now slide into the heart after the clamp is removed . . . the cusps have been well separated, and the heart, which shows some quickening [it did] . . . will rapidly settle down to its normal rhythm. . . . Note that the heart is behaving well . . . the pericardial sac is now joined together by a few stitches. . . .'

An *amende*, by the way, to Miss Joyce Redman, whose wonderful performance in *The Judge* I unaccountably omitted to mention last week.

TOM DRIBERG

'Sylvia', at Covent Garden

The Royal Ballet Company has opened its London season, after the longest American tour yet, with the most bosky of neo-classical ballets, *Sylvia*. This is a practical piece of work on the parts of Delibes (music), Frederick Ashton (choreography) and Christopher and Robin Ironside (decor). They have combined to create a three act ballet which, although it never reaches great heights, is unusually complete and satisfying. Last week it was performed with British seriousness and propriety, with Dame Margot Fonteyn as Sylvia. This *prima ballerina* has so much more inherent energy and so much more poise than anyone else in the company, that when she is dancing well, as she was on the first night, the godlike sense of proportion that imbues her every movement and the tense vitality of her acting make her very exciting to watch. But why is the *corps de ballet* so cap-

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able and so effete? I wonder if anything will ever happen to make them dance as though it was a vital experience, and not just a way of earning a living.

A. F.

'Where's Charley', at the Palace

The music-hall technique with its direct approach to the audience is not easy to adapt to even the modified conventions of the musical play. So, it is something of a triumph for Mr Norman Wisdom (and doubtless, too, for his producer, Mr William Chappell) to have fitted himself so perfectly into this musical version of the old farce. Charley and his Aunt are, in this adaptation, doubled, and Mr Wisdom's Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez in the traditional dress, and with a great deal of the traditional business and a good many happy new touches, gives a first-class farce performance, hilarious and from right inside the character. It is almost entirely his evening, for not much originality has gone in the first place into turning the stout old piece into an American musical: the trimmings – chorus, songs, dances – are infinitely predictable. Two pleasant tunes, a good ballet *à faire* (the thing is ten years old), pretty enough designs by Mr Peter Rice, and much splendid puffing from Mr Felix Felton as Mr Spettigue, about complete the picture. Oh, and there is Miss Pip Hinton – who will be a delightful addition when she has something worth doing. But, anyhow, there's lots of Mr Wisdom, or rather – lest those who want his broader music-hall technique shall go and feel themselves cheated lots of Charley's Aunt.

T. C. W.

The Covent Garden Ensemble, at Park Lane House

Enterprising of the Covent Garden players, who must be heartily sick of *Carmen*, *Hoffman* and *Swan Lake*, to form a chamber ensemble and give a concert devoted to the big three of the 'Second Viennese School' – Schoenberg, Berg and Webern – last Sunday. But the music needed more rehearsal. Edward Downes, conductor of the group, owned to this when he announced that the finale of Berg's Chamber Concerto would be omitted. The performers had not felt their way deeply enough into the music that they did play: Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony lacked the ensemble of fine chamber music, the pianist got a beat out in Webern's tiny concerto, and ignored dynamic markings, while neither pianist nor violinist was a commanding enough soloist for the Berg. If the Webern was most successful, the reason was largely acoustic. The small theatre in Park Lane House, besides being drab, stuffy and dimly lit, proved ruinous to balance: the flute was submerged in the Chamber Symphony, elaborate string detail disappeared. Only Webern's clean, limpidly scored Concerto sounded well. Let us hope the Ensemble will go on playing these works in their spare time, and then repeat the programme in a more agreeable place – perhaps the Foyer of Covent Garden itself. I would draw attention here to another very attractive programme of contemporary music – Schoenberg, Berg, Seiber, Bartok – in the Wigmore Hall on 18 March.

A. P.

'Celestina', at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.

This five hundred year old Spanish play by Fernando de Rojas is in the early picaresque tradition of drama. It is also notable for being well in the equally old tradition of frank, full-blooded bawdy; and very lively and amusing much of it is.

The central character, Celestina, is a venerable procuress. From her adventures the producer, Miss Joan Littlewood, has arranged several sketches of hilarious knock-about farce which are probably more in the play's original manner than we usually credit, though viewed as a dramatic whole the play suffers. Miss Eileen Draycott's Celestina is a sound satisfactory performance, only occasionally lapsing into the termagant Mam style of acting, and as the servant, bashful and wildly importunate by turns in the face of the life force, Mr Robin Chapman was all that could be desired.

M. C.

Correspondence

A PLAGUE ON BOTH?

SIR – In your last week's article 'A Plague on Both?' you sought to analyse why the Labour Party isn't attracting the support which the Tories are losing. I think you got part of the answer, but not all of it, and I'd like to carry your analysis a stage further.

You were right in saying that 'at a time when the opposition party should be gaining ground it is barely holding its own', and that 'the failure of Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues to profit from the decline in the government's fortunes is the most significant fact about British politics today'. But I don't share your regret that the complexity of the present political scene makes it difficult for us to arouse Jimmy Porter and his angry young men, or that the Labour Party isn't 'attracting a great many of the younger people who now find excitement and fulfilment in working for the Liberal cause'. The Jimmy Porters are a pretty poor lot, and they're not worth having as political allies. Nor are the new young Liberal converts, most of whom are either sterile oppositionists ('No party is any good if it's big'), or out-for-a-lark snook-cockers ('Fancy – you can run politics just like a university Rag Day!'), or blatant Poujadists ('Down with everything, especially taxation!').

The people I care about are the hundred or so activists in each constituency Labour Party who keep the Labour Party alive, and propagate its politics, and collect most of its money, and win its elections. Because most of the newspapers ignore or misrepresent even the best pronouncements of the party and its leaders, it is only through the steady work of these militants that we can get the ear of the electorate. If this channel of communication doesn't function properly, there's no hope at all of getting the mass of people to hear about – much less understand and support – what you call 'the elaborate policy statements that are now coming from Transport House'.

The Labour Party has its best propaganda and electoral successes at times when these local groups are feeling keen and inspired. When they're disappointed and flat, the party does badly. That happened at the 1955 general election, when almost every candidate and agent agreed that election workers were fewer and less enthusiastic than ever before – and that's one of the reasons why a million and a half people who voted Labour in 1951 didn't come out to vote in 1955.

One would think that just now, when the government has got into such a mess, these Labour Party key-men would be scenting victory and going all out for it. In fact, however, for the last year or so, and especially since the Brighton conference, they've suffered from a lack of inspiration and an overdose of frustration. Some of the decisions of conference and some of the pronouncements of their leaders seem to them to suggest that, on the issues which they care most about, the differences between us and the Tories are differences of emphasis and of method rather than of fundamental principle. Examples: nuclear disarmament, the preservation of the private ownership of most of our economy, the public schools, opposition to industrial militancy ('Strikes are an anachronism').

This attitude on the part of the rank-and-file activist is partly unfair because it goes further than the facts warrant. Because of his disappointment over the things that we're not fighting hard enough about, he doesn't give his leaders due credit for the things we *are* fighting about. But a general can't keep up the morale of his soldiers merely by engaging in skirmishes if they think he is avoiding the big pitched battle.

That's why the falling attendances at political meetings are due partly to the absence of our own members, including some of our best members. That's why our key people aren't working as well and successfully as they should to combat the Liberal by-election plea that there's not much difference between the two big parties. And that's why the people who ought to be packing our meetings are going, instead, to meetings like last week's one at Central Hall con-

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vened by the newly-formed Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

That was a great meeting; but J. P. W. Mallalieu was right in saying that it is only the Labour Party, running that sort of campaign, which could 'give to the bewildered ordinary man the belief that his anxieties and frustrations could be concentrated into effective action'.

It is this which has motivated the reorganisation and expansion of Victory For Socialism, which is going to try to give our rank-and-file militants a new sense of participating in the destiny of their party, and which will require in return that they should gird up their loins once again and put in some hard work for the party. I don't know whether this attempt will succeed – but if it doesn't I fear we can't consider a Labour victory at the next general election to be a foregone conclusion.

Individual members of the Labour Party who want to know about this new development can get particulars from the Secretary (34 Haslemere Road, N.8) or by coming to the inaugural meeting on 6 March, advertised in this issue.

IAN MIKARDO

House of Commons

THE FAITH OF MR DULLES

SIR,—Secretary Dulles, unhappily, is not a man of surprises or new looks. Indeed, it was a foregone conclusion that his reply to Lord Russell would be stale, flat—and unprofitable.

Believing as he does that peaceful accommodations must await revisions of the Soviet creed, naturally Mr Dulles devalues high-level talks this year. It has been noteworthy that even the constructive, one-step-at-a-time negotiation proposals put forward lately by such Democratic spokesmen as Senators Mansfield and Humphrey have not evoked a response from the Secretary.

Mr Dulles's preoccupation with ideologies and 'moral' judgments was also predictable. Although there may have been a time when these sermons served a useful purpose, one wonders if the Secretary has paused to contemplate the perils in 1958 of an ideological duel with the Kremlin. Surely he must know, to quote from a new book by Ernest Lefever, *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy*: 'Ideological wars always tend to become total struggles between politically organised systems of self-righteousness, and compromise, adjustment and negotiation—which are the very heart of diplomacy—become treason.'

One wishes that the Secretary himself had principles which he could adapt to changing circumstances. It has been painfully obvious for some time that the supreme task confronting western diplomats is not to persuade the men of the Kremlin to abandon their creed of force (as Dulles insists) but rather to induce them to *rise above* those Communist dogmas which enunciate solutions that are dangerously inconsistent with the political and nuclear necessities of the time.

It is safe to say that most Democrats share Mr Dulles's deep suspicion that Mr Krushchev's flurry of letter-writing is calculated to get him acclaim as a peacemaker, rather than to facilitate agreements at the bargaining table. However, at the same time, we fully recognise that the Dulles policies lead to a cul-de-sac. The real trouble is that even though the Secretary may be quite right that the time is not propitious for summit talks, his discourse is hindering the creation of a climate which might invite fruitful conferences with the Russians in the foreseeable future.

Indeed, cannot a case be made out that the paramount task of the moment is for sober efforts to produce an atmosphere of mutual confidence? Why shouldn't we concentrate attention now on areas of common interest which actually override all else? Do we really think proposals for disengagement, or denuclearised zones, or disarmament, will be subjects of serious negotiations when, as Adlai Stevenson recently commented, 'nobody trusts anybody'?

Of course, the necessary first step in this process is a 'disengagement'—by ourselves and the Soviets—from outworn assumptions. True, we cannot compel Mr Krushchev to take this step, but we must assume his instinct for self-preservation will help him rise to this challenge. But for our part let us see to it that the cause of peace does not fail because the West neglects to reshape its policies to meet new realities.

What are these policies? It is plain, I think, that Eisenhower administration policy has rested on two inseparable assumptions. One is the assumption that Soviet military aggression is inevitable. The other is the assumption that the US—and its allies—possess decisive military superiority over the USSR. Of course, the Dulles doctrines of 'massive retaliation' and 'liberation of the satellites' were two of the more bellicose offspring of these assumptions; but in recent months the most harmful impact of these concepts has been to impel us to concentrate on military solutions (e.g., our single-minded emphasis on missiles at the Paris conference) for essentially non-military problems.

There is little evidence at the moment that Secretary Dulles intends to conduct an agonising reappraisal of his own policies. However, there have been encouraging signs that Democrats may perform this function for him. In a brilliant, but little noticed, foreign policy analysis recently, Senator Mansfield, the Democrat's deputy leader in the Senate, proposed that the 'negative situations of strength concept' (reduced now to a 'catch phrase', he said) be wedded to the idea of developing 'positions of peace'.

The soundest Democratic spokesmen advocate that we remain well armed—indeed they are a spur in the side of President Eisenhower on the preparedness issue. They want to parley, too. But they are of the opinion that the indispensable precondition of a meaningful parley is not merely more military power, but a shucking off of those outworn preconceptions which would stultify any negotiation—summit or otherwise.

STEWART L. UDALL

House of Representatives
Washington, DC

TOP PEOPLE'S MUD

SIR,—*The Times* will, no doubt, deal with Mr Francis Williams's bluster entitled 'Top People's Mud' in the manner which it deserves. But as I am one of the MPs whom he refers to as having sought to raise the matter in the House, may I comment on Mr Williams's confused implication that I, among others, am 'not particularly interested in the weight of the facts . . . prefer to make charges against the "popular press" as a whole . . . consider that any mud . . .' and so on.

In my letter to *The Times* I dealt with the irrefutable fact that certain newspapers published the photograph of an unconscious man lying in a critical condition in an oxygen tent, and I added: 'But journalists are only as good as their editors. Does not the real blame lie with those editors who published the results of an intrusion which offends against the whole concept of human dignity?'

On re-reading these words, my only regret is that after 'editors' I failed to add 'and proprietors'. It is a familiar and unattractive trick in excusing a journalistic indecency to equate its censure with censure of the press as a whole. I am sorry that your pundit should have used it.

MAURICE EDELMAN

House of Commons

THE PRESS COUNCIL

SIR,—Still relying on plain facts, I should like to clear up misunderstandings in Mr Malcolm Muggeridge's letter printed in your columns of 15 February.

The suggestion that Lady Violet Bonham Carter exercises an undue and unfortunate influence on the Press Council is baseless. I hope that members of the Council, remembering Lady Violet's active membership of the Royal Commission on the Press, pay attention to all she says about our problems, but to the best of my recollection the Council has never received from her any representation or had any occasion to discuss her views.

Mr Muggeridge has triumphantly proved that he did not delay the proceedings of the Press Council. But no one said he did. There is bound to be some delay in dealing with complaints when the meetings are held quarterly. What I said was this, that if the case had not been dealt with at the first quarterly meeting after the complaint but had had to wait for the next, Mr Muggeridge would have been responsible for most of the delay. This was because he let eight weeks pass before indicating that he was not, after all, going to submit a detailed written case.

It is true that the paper I edit, *The Yorkshire Post*, thought Mr Muggeridge's reflections on the royal family regrettable. But why should it not speak frankly? And why should it be supposed to have biased the judgment of the Council? As chairman I do not vote unless a casting vote is necessary. In any event, members, when making Council decisions, do not act as representatives of their own papers or even as delegates of the associations that have nominated them to the Council, but as jurymen considering the evidence before them and nothing else.

The leader, which Mr Muggeridge found 'particularly obnoxious', bore the heading 'What a way to greet a Queen!' It explained that the decision to print the article in the *Saturday Evening Post* on the eve of Her Majesty's arrival in the United States was not Mr Muggeridge's. The leader spoke of personal slurs on the Queen—what else were the quoted opinions of duchesses?—and maintained that in spite of what Mr Muggeridge had said the loyal affection felt for her by the masses had nothing in the least morbid or unhealthy about it. Readers could check the leader by a Reuter cable from Philadelphia in the news columns summarising the *Saturday Evening Post* article. Mr Muggeridge may have disliked our comments but he was treated quite fairly. He can be offensive to other people but is indignant that *he* should be rebuked.

LINTON ANDREWS
Chairman

The Press Council

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JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—Mr Pat Sloan, a regular apologist for the Soviet Union, after giving figures of Jewish scientists in the Soviet Union, asks: 'Is this "discrimination"?' Official apologists have never seen in the past anything wrong in the USSR, and cannot see anything wrong now. In the Soviet Union discrimination against the Jews has taken on three explicit forms, and each one is different from the others.

First, the attack on Yiddish culture. On 20 November 1948, the last number of *Einikeit*, the organ of the Jewish anti-Fascist Committee, appeared. After that date all Yiddish publications ceased; the Yiddish theatres, cultural institutions and schools were closed down. No official explanation was ever issued to state the reasons for that action. To this day there is not a sign of any permission to start Yiddish literature again. A Yiddish writer in the Soviet Union can publish his writing only in Russian but not in his native tongue. According to the new edition of the *Bolshaya Sovietskaya Encyclopædia*, 'the Jews in the past spoke Yiddish'. We do not know at what particular time or period the Jews stopped speaking Yiddish. This encyclopædia mentions only two dead Soviet Yiddish writers, whilst the first edition of the same encyclopædia mentioned a few hundred! In the history of Jewish printing there was only one country that ever issued a ban against Hebrew and Yiddish publications, and that was Tsarist Russia.

It seems that even Hebrew type was destroyed. The Moscow Jewish community published a prayer book which is photographed from a number of different editions. Engels, who had some knowledge of Hebrew, wrote in his young days a letter to a friend of his and quoted the Bible in Hebrew. In the collected works of Marx and Engels, begun in 1930, these quotations were beautifully set out, while the 1955 edition contains no Hebrew type, but a crude drawing of Hebrew lettering. Similarly, in the new book of Kovalevsky, *Kniga Ibn-Fadlana*, a few Hebrew words are mentioned and again drawn and not printed. Let us take one more example: in the new edition of the *Soviet Encyclopædia*, the articles on the towns of Kiev, Odessa, Vilna, Warsaw and Lwow, do not mention the Jews at all, while the previous edition mentions their contribution to these famous towns. Lenin had words for such acts: 'great Russian chauvinism'. If this is not discrimination, what is it, then?

The second form of discrimination is the removal of Jews from any important position in the Communist Party apparatus. In 1930, statistics were published by the CPSU on the national composition of the party, and Jews were the third largest national group. In 1936 that 'notorious' leader of the 'anti-party' group, Vyacheslav Molotov, paid tribute to the Jewish contribution to the building-up of the CPSU. Today there is not a single Jew on the Central Committee of the CPSU, or on any of the leading party committees of the republics.

The third form of discrimination is in the Soviet Foreign Office. Today there are no Jews known to hold any diplomatic posts in the Soviet government service. When one remembers the contribution made by Jews to Soviet diplomacy by Litvinov, Maiski, Stein, Suritz, Umansky, Yoffe, and many others, one is rather more than puzzled at the wholesale removal of Jews from the Soviet Foreign Office. These are hard and unpleasant facts, and require a more serious explanation than the flimsy letter of Mr Sloan.

I. J. JERUSHALMI

81 Wentworth St
London, E1

PARKS IN PATCHES

SIR,—The statement of Elizabeth Coxhead in your last issue that on the Dartmoor National Park Committee 'by the dodge of delegating authority to sub-committees, the Ministers can be by-passed', is contrary to fact. On the principal sub-committee, that of planning, the proportion of ministerial members to those of the County Council is exactly the same as on the full committee; the nominees in each case holding a third of the seats. On other committees there is an even greater proportion of nominated members.

Notwithstanding our statutory duty to preserve a park, every responsible member of a Park Committee must also have regard for the reasonable requirements of the farmers, commoners and residents in their area, as well as for their obligations under the Park and Planning Acts; to hold the balance between these demands is not always easy, but to disregard the fact that long before the parks were designated many people had acquired rights in the park is to disregard realities. I, for one, certainly do not consider that we may ride roughshod over the reasonable claims of those in possession, and this, I believe, is the view of the majority of our members, including, in fact, several nominated ones.

HENRY SLESSER
(Chairman of the Dartmoor National Park Committee)

Postbridge, Devon

THREE WISE MEN

SIR,—When the Cohen Council was appointed, I suggested in your columns that it would prove 'a disaster to the country' and that it would be ludicrous to expect an 'impartial' report. And so it has proved. I should like to add that, contrary to the statement made in an appendix, I did not 'submit' my views to the Council. It asked me to prepare a statement. I did so reluctantly, knowing that it was bound to be disregarded.

T. BALOGH

Balliol College
Oxford

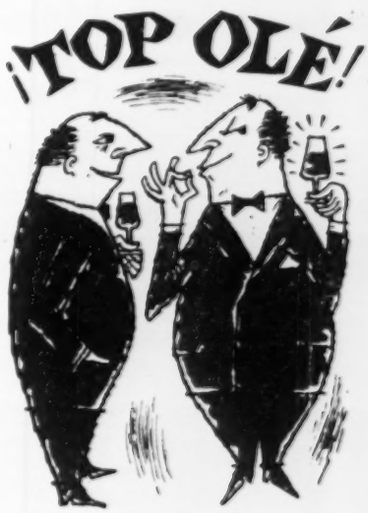
SYMBOLIC EQUATIONS

SIR,—I am grateful to Miss Gardner for pointing out an error in my exegesis of *The Delphic Oracle Upon Plotinus*—grateful, too, that she now agrees that the error is minor and does not disqualify my interpretation of the poem generally—but her last letter requires an answer on a point of fact.

Miss Gardner has twice challenged my reading of *The Stare's Nest by My Window*, and in such a way as to make the point central to her appraisal of my book. She does not like my interpretation of Yeats's honey-bee symbol, which is that he is praying for 'the return of justice to an Ireland ravaged by civil war', and she suggests that the symbol has a source in Swift. Yet the poem is surely sufficiently illuminated by a passage in *The Celtic Twilight*, where Yeats says that the modern degeneration of man's mind is now almost complete, and that a change is near when 'the wild bees of truth will hive in it and make their sweet honey. Come into the world again, wild bees, wild bees'. Yeats wrote these words long before he had begun to interest himself in Swift, but he knew from Porphyry that the honey bee was a traditional symbol for justice, or truth, or wisdom, or 'intellectual sweetness'; he knew this also from the tradition of the Kabbala, from the interpretation given to the scriptural myth of the lion and the honeycomb in such works as Myer's *Quabbalah*; and he knew the bee also as a reincarnation emblem, as their 'golden grasshoppers and bees' were (in one sense) for the Greeks. The whole point of his later poem is surely that what at first seems to be a merely naturalistic situation gradually takes on symbolic dimension as we perceive that the empty stare's nest is a symbol for degenerate modern Ireland, and the bees—who will one day hive there, cement the poet's 'loosening wall' and bring 'intellectual sweetness' back into the world—are symbols for truth, goodness, or even the reincarnating 'souls of the just'. My glancing reference assumed that this was obvious from internal evidence alone, and sought merely to show that, where Yeats himself refers his honey symbolism to Porphyry, his honey-bee symbolism might reasonably be related to a similar source.

F. A. C. WILSON

St Catharine's College
Cambridge



Have you ever been lost for words when a host presses you for an opinion about his wine? To many wine lovers the well-turned phrase, the apt literary allusion, the revelation of wine-wisdom, gives as much pleasure as the wine itself—and if you want to land another glassful you've got to have the right bait.

I've got it. It's a little book entitled "Oenophilia," full of periphrastic pleonasms for people who are anxious to camouflage their ignorance of zymase, must, the solera system and other oenological mysteries. For example, it advocates the use of " O for a beaker full of the warm south " as an alternative to " Phew, I could do with a drink." Again, it suggests that a wine is more winningly described as having a " purple robe just hemmed by Time with autumn leaves' tints, but showing no creases nor any sign of wear," rather than when it is prosaically labelled " A drop of all right."

" Oenophilia " abounds with such gems, guaranteed to warm any connoisseur's cockles, and no doubt it would be invaluable to authors of wine lists. But do these lyric phrases whet the palate for wine as effectively as they tickle the fancy? Frankly, no. There's no substitute for a glass of the wine itself. That is why I forbear to wax lyrical about Mackenzie's Sherry. Unless you've tasted it, anything I could say about Mackenzie's Sherry might sound like rodomontade. It's superb, it's delicious, it's—oh, it's " top olé." Do try a bottle and see if you agree with me.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The American Awareness

ALTHOUGH English literature is filled with feeling for England, few English imaginative or critical writers have treated this feeling as more than a natural satisfaction and an inherited piety. They speak out only in time of war or imperialism. The same may be said of the national feeling in other countries of western Europe. To be French, English, Dutch, Italian, Scandinavian and (more doubtfully) German, is not felt as an intellectual elation or dilemma, a mission or a crux. But outside of this intensely fertilised western centre the exceptions are important and are becoming more so as the continents dominate the world. In Russian writing from the nineteenth century onwards, Russia itself is an emotive presence in the novel or the poem, a definable spirit or supernumerary character, so that when two or three are gathered together Russia is there invisibly but to be reckoned with, among them like a fate. In a different way, the idea of America or Americanness also haunts American writers. There, as in Russia, we find a nostalgia either for the future or for some pastoral childhood, so that we could compare Oblomov's dream with the longings of Huck Finn. The idea may also be no more than an assertive Selah in the Psalms, an unctuous Amen in the prayers; it may be a drum beat or a tub thump; it may be to some extent a ritual defence to avert the evil eye of Europe; but, whether the idea is felt to be invigorating, automatic or calamitous, to be American is also felt to be an additional human fate. Sooner or later, all American writers of distinction attempt to define their Americanness, to mark their position in a changing quest. So that when one thinks of what separates English and American literature fundamentally, the answer is: Self-consciousness. American criticism is greatly enriched by it.

American self-consciousness is the subject of an excellent anthology compiled by Mr Philip Rhav, the editor of *Partisan Review*.* It is an anthology of criticism opening with Cooper – a key figure for the study of American myths – allowing one or two foreigners like de Tocqueville and Lawrence, and continuing with essays by the familiar American names: Emerson, John Jay Chapman, Lowell, Whitman and so on to Henry James, T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, Matthiessen, Alfred Kazin, Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, etc. The essays are selected solely for what they can tell us of the American sense of dilemma and the nagging, energising subject has never been put before us in a form so concentrated, contradictory, various and suggestive. Some of the essays, like John Jay Chapman's celebrated study of Emerson and Henry James's account of Hawthorne, are, of course, deeply interesting in any context. Whitman and Melville are subjects on the grand scale. Each essay reminds us that the American situation has changed many times and that generalisations must be continually pruned back for more to grow as new seasons require. And there *are* new seasons. But none of the writers is talking at large. Each is compelled. For criticism, as the author of *On Native Grounds* has said, 'is the great American lay philosophy. . . . It has been the secret intermediary . . . between literature and society'. Naturally so. Mr Rhav writes of the nation 'with no organic past', that it has

> the startling look about it of a human artifact, constructed for socio-political and economic purposes in a given period, a period well known and thoroughly documented. It is a society built on contractual rather than traditional foundations, the very existence of which makes for the impression that in the New World the legend of the 'social contract' has been brought to visible life. And this very perceptibility of the national origins is not the least of the elements making for a profound sense of the problematical in the American awareness of cultural identity.

Change has been historically dramatic. Upon the America basking in the Enlightenment follows the America of the frontier. And there turn out to be two frontiers – the western and the European. The difficulty, the personal difficulty for the writer has been – except in the South – to know how to reconcile the European inheritance with the American environment; where to make the stand.

The historical debate is familiar to English readers but two essays, one by Henry Bamford Parkes and the other by Philip Rhav himself, bring a new elaboration to it. We understand that Leatherstocking's flight from organised and therefore 'corrupt' society is a distinctive American experience with a very long shadow. It reached supreme expression in Huck Finn's 'lighting out for the territory'. Now Mr Parkes notes how much this distinctly American gesture owed to Rousseau and the Enlightenment. But whereas in Europe the escapist never wished to get outside of society altogether and could not do so, the American did so wish, had the opportunity, failed and was punished. Hence the pessimism (Mr Parkes thinks) of modern American literature which has never thrown off the myth. An optimistic and successful society, is hag-ridden, at times even poisoned, by its anarchic dream. Leatherstocking is the symbol of a delusory virtue, the spiritual ancestor of the 'good', simple, sincere boyish American who is always grappling with the 'wicked' and deeply organised European. Yet, in fact, the frontier has long been closed and American society is now formed by the big corporations. Mr Parkes has the interesting suggestion that the famous sense of evil and corruption – chiefly the corruption of Europe – in Henry James, owes something to the odd stimulus of the Leatherstocking myth:

> If one considers the realities with which he was dealing, the extent to which his life was shaped by the Leatherstocking myth immediately becomes apparent. Could a businessman make millions in the age of the robber barons and retain the naive nobility which James ascribes to Christopher Newman and Adam Verver? Were all upper class Europeans interested so exclusively in taking advantage of American heiresses?

He carries the argument into the work of Hemingway and the sudden break with reticence on the subject of sex in American literature—a break, incidentally, which surely had its origin in Europe?

> Since 1900 literature has been less reticent; but any sexual fulfilment is mostly extra-marital and therefore an aspect of the resistance to society, the most notable examples being in the Hemingway novels. The frontier hero's view of marriage as a trap by which civilisation tames and corrupts the individual still pervades the world of the novelist. One can cite again Lewis's *Babbitt* and several Anderson novels, Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night*. . . .

Mr Parkes does not say that the Leatherstocking myth has pervaded the whole of American literature. It can hardly be applied to Southern writers very usefully.

More cogent, from the European reader's point of view, is Mr Rhav's essay on the 'cult of experience' in American writing, for it is this which separates us most sharply. Whitman wrote that the 'true use of the imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivifications to facts, to science and to common lives' and the reign of plain vivification has certainly been established in American literature. No literature is so deliberately, minutely, garrulously informative, none so circumspectly literal in style and intention. Experience seems to be its own end. Yet:

> Experience is the substructure of literature above which there rises a superstructure of values, ideas and judgments – in a word, of the multiple forms of consciousness. But this base and summit are not stationary; they continually act and react upon each other. It is precisely this superstructural level which is seldom reached by the typical American writer of the modern era.

Henry James? Strether's famous advice to the young Bilham:'Live! Live!' leads Mr Rhav to write:

> While the idea that one should 'live' one's life came to James as a revelation, to the contemporary European writers this idea had long been a thoroughly assimilated and natural assumption. Experience served them as the concrete medium for the testing and creation of values, whereas in James's work it stands for something distilled or selected from the total process of living; it stands for romance, reality, civilisation – a self-fulfilling autonomous 'presence', exhaustibly alluring in its own right.

The advice was revolutionary. It announced the break with American abstention. It proclaimed the rights of private life. James seeks 'the expansion of life beyond its primitive needs'; culture is 'the reward'. There is a search for the whereabouts of 'life' and for the exact condition of its enrichment:

> This is what makes for a fundamental difference between the inner movement of the American and the European novel, the novel of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Proust, Joyce, Mann, Lawrence and Kafka, whose problem is invariably posed in terms of life's intrinsic worth and destiny.

* *Literature in America*. Selected by PHILIP RHAV. *Mayflower: Meridian Books*. 16s.

If the cult of experience has led American novels to 'scour private life for meanings it cannot legitimately hold', it has freed American writing from abstraction and other-worldliness. No writing particularises so well; none so easily catches the immediately alluring. But the cult has really been an expedient: the individual transplanted from an old culture takes an inventory of himself. (Some of the American war novels dealt with war as if it were being domesticated in the American mind for the first time, as if they were laying a basis.) The inventory is certainly a characteristic that has dominated American prose since Henry James. We have responded to the spell and exasperation of it in the jawings of Hemingway and the repetitiousness of Faulkner. Repetition seems to an English reader a specifically American thing; garrulity, a kind of interior chanting, seems to be a permanent characteristic of American prose from Cooper, through Emerson, Whitman and even Henry James. It is as if the democratic void – which de Tocqueville noted – must be filled at all costs; and has been filled by a race of writers whose genius lies with the particular and the generic.

Mr Rhav thinks that the cult of experience for its own sake has now expended itself, or, at any rate, has no longer any talent strong enough to justify it. If this is so, a major enchantment will be over, one that in life, as well as literature, has been the American spell for almost two generations. Its influence upon English and French literature has been freshening and strong, despite the French complaints about the lack of the power of intellectual abstraction; it also suggests that the American situation has had its parallel in all advanced societies. A sharp essay by Delmore Schwartz on Eliot as the international culture hero, takes up this point with some pungency. And Mr Parkes thinks that the end of Leatherstocking has been reached, too, because the American position is central in the world and not on the edge of it:

> In the twentieth century the myth of man's natural goodness finds expression not in the piety of Leatherstocking but in the sadism of Mike Hammer. . . .

In *High Noon* (he notes) the hero throws away his sheriff's badge in the faces of the townspeople who have let him stand alone in his fight with the criminals, and drives away. Where? Into a contempt, no doubt, for society. That heroic day dream, once romantic, has now degenerated into something like the evil it protested against.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Divertissement

It is a matter of a black cat
On a bare cliff top in March
Whose eyes anticipate
The gorse petals;

The formal equation of
A domestic purr
With the cold interiors
Of the sea's mirror.

R. S. THOMAS

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V.G.

Coins and Rhetoric

Roman History From Coins. By MICHAEL GRANT. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Roman Readings. Selected by MICHAEL GRANT. *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*

A History of Rome. Edited by MOSES HADAS. *Bell.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

In a world without the printing-press, coins and medallions were the only form in which verbal propaganda could be reproduced. The Roman government had the problem of recommending itself simultaneously among the peoples of Europe, the Near East and North Africa. The obvious methods were letters, the spoken voice, statues, inscriptions and the religious cult of the imperial house. Collectively, no doubt, these were more important than coins, but coins were deliberately and skilfully used, and frequently changed. They have survived in far greater numbers than any other kind of verbal document.

Professor Grant's splendidly energetic little book (it runs to 96 pp. of text and 32 of admirable photogravure) is a model of how to fascinate the ignorant with a difficult subject. History through coins is mainly the discovery of what men wanted to be believed: sometimes the message is a mere wish, as in the 'world-peace' coin of Otho issued in the year 69, when armies first learnt that they could create an emperor in the provinces. More often the interest lies in the psychology of the policy revealed: the coins of Augustus carry every step of his assumption of supreme power under the forms of senatorial government; when this is achieved the appeal becomes more emotional – *Son of a God, Chief Priest, Father of the Country.* Augustus imposed his own account of his actions on posterity. Nero, on the other hand, has had a bad press from historians, yet his coins draw attention to real successes: 'The peace of the Roman People having been won on land and sea he closed the temple of Janus.' Occasionally coins furnish evidence that has slipped out of written history – the doors and shutters in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Secular Games held in London by Carausius.

There is much scope for further research both in the interpretation of coins already published, and in the field, where 'by sitting patiently in the bazaar for the duration of several cups of coffee one is able to see coin after coin that has never been described'. Placed, as it should be, in every sixth form and college library, this book will dangerously encourage (for we are told all clever boys should be physicists) the learned study of artifacts that carry not an incidental but a deliberate message.

In his large Penguin anthology of Latin literature in translation, Professor Grant reduces his *Roman Literature* to vitamin-pills. He prefaces each author with a miniature masterpiece of appreciation, which includes a summary of subsequent literary influences and estimates. The book opens with two dullish passages from Plautus. Perhaps the decision to admit nothing raffish was unhelpful here? After that the selections are well-found and cleverly balanced. Cicero, for example, really comes alive as a philosopher, patriot and politician. The six letters that show his relationship with the men of power are as exciting a piece of history as the seventh, written to the historian Lucceius, is comical and endearing:

> Once one has overstepped the bounds of modesty one ought to be well and truly shameless. So I will blatantly ask you again and again to celebrate [my defence of the Republic against Catiline] with even more enthusiasm than you perhaps feel, and in this case to disregard the principles of history.

There is not much to show how it felt to live through an ordinary Roman day. However, Seneca's Moral Letter on the noises of Rome is included. This odd literary form is an epitome of a large part of Latin literature. The sonorous phrase, the example preferred to a metaphor, the figures of antithesis and climax are the proper stuff of praise or disapproval. Though we may now more easily admire the Romans for their brilliant narrative, their self-revelation and their emotional bravura, they really excelled themselves in moral criticism, and especially when they were perceiving their own decline and fall. *Roman Readings* is rich in this rhetoric of indignation.

Professor Hadas intends 'to present a continuous history of Rome from the legendary beginnings to the age of Justinian as the ancients conceived and transmitted it, so far as possible in their own words'. So he translates key-passages and links them with a commentary. All this in 218 pages. The effect is like a gangster film played in costume and projected at a whizz. However, there are some splendid purple patches of history. I specially enjoyed Marcellinus on the Huns. But I fear this book is intended to convince students that they 'have done Roman history'.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Professor Martin Noth's *History of Israel* has been revised and enlarged for a new edition, which has now been translated (Black, 42*s.*). A new edition of Sir Frederic Kenyon's *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*, revised by A. W. Adams, will be published on 6 March (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 42*s.*).

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Eureka

The Sources of Invention. By JOHN JEWKES, DAVID SAWERS and RICHARD STILLERMAN. *Macmillan.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

There are many remarkable parallels between late eighteenth-century writing about inventions and the writing of the period since 1945. Samuel Smiles is out of date, but Lavoisier is in fashion. Atomic power, like steam power, has inspired panegyrics and prophecies, while automation has created the same blend of hope and fear as did the mechanical inventions of the age of Crompton and Cartwright. In eighteenth-century provincial circles there were modern-sounding arguments about patents and the need for a closer relationship between science and technology, and the *Annual Register* devoted several pages to the description of 'Useful Projects'.

The three writers of this interesting new book – they call it an essay – reflect and speculate in the best eighteenth-century tradition. They cover much the same ground as their predecessors, although their 145 pages of brief case histories are concerned with nylon, hot strip rolling, xerography and zip fasteners, rather than with cotton, the puddling process, bleaching and pottery. They make much indeed of 'the continuity of things':

> It may be true that in these days the search for new ideas and techniques is pursued with more system . . .Yet chance still remains an important factor in invention and the intuition, will and obstinacy of individuals spurred on by the desire for knowledge, renown or personal gain the great driving forces in technical progress.

The study of inventions is difficult and controversial, 'a kind of everyman's land, and therefore a no-man's land'. All definitions and attempts at classification break down, business secrecy and national pride obscure and distort the facts, and even a bare chronicle is hard to compile because of the abundance of conflicting records and the spell of popular myths. Interpretation of the evidence is still more difficult, for there is a natural tendency to rely on retrospective logic and it is impossible to avoid awkward but fundamental general questions concerning the freedom of the scientist, the nature of social processes and the possibilities of predicting trends. Value judgments will always obtrude, if only in the choice of adjectives – the *lone* inventor, for instance, or the *captive* research worker.

The authors of this book approach their conclusions with all due caution, but they make it their main point that large industrial organisations cannot be considered, either actually or potentially, the sole and sufficient source of inventions. They give many examples of recent inventions which have depended on the efforts of individual inventors with slender resources but with uncommitted minds. They emphasise the threat of large organisations – and of team work – to the flow of new inventions, and they defend the 'virtues of eclecticism', the maintenance of a balance between different sources of invention. They completely discount prediction. 'It seems quite as hazardous to try to anticipate the broad sweep of innovation as to spot future specific inventions'.

It is right to point to the dangers of certain contemporary methods of industrial research and to question the usefulness of certain recent attempts at prediction, but many of the generalisations in this book are based on a limited range of experience and information. Invention in the Soviet Union is scarcely touched on, little is said

of the influence of the school educational system, references to the work of universities and technical colleges are less full than references to business organisations, and one central topic, the choice of particular outlets for inventive abilities, is left unexplored. It is surely inadequate and misleading to argue that 'as one moves from invention to development, the technical considerations give way gradually to market considerations'. So long as the market dominates economic life, market considerations will influence what kind of inventions 'the curious and ingenious' care to spend their time on. Eureka can never be the first or the last word.

Leaving on one side the generalisations, there are occasional reflections on national policy in this book, which it is difficult to accept. The authors seem to suggest that we are in peril of believing too thoughtlessly in 'the axiom that no country can ever spend too much on science and technology'. Is the peril anything more than a bogy, at least as far as England is concerned? Have we got anywhere near the point where the supply of technicians is leading to 'diminishing returns'? Even though some firms may be spending money on research unwisely, is not their interest in research a welcome change from dependence on rule-of-thumb? Are there not some technical deficiencies in the British economy which can be remedied by deliberate encouragement of research and invention? The encouragement could take many forms, but without it a plea for 'the virtues of eclecticism' easily turns into special pleading for the *status quo*.

ASA BRIGGS

Fuddy-Duddy

The Search for Good Sense: Four Eighteenth Century characters: Johnson: Chesterfield: Boswell: Goldsmith. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell. 25s.*

I have seldom read a book of literary portraiture – for one can scarcely call it criticism – with more mixed feelings. I imagine Mr Lucas is as deeply read in at least four literatures as any non-specialist in England. He is a connoisseur of the English and French eighteenth centuries, and it seems amazing that anyone who has botanised after the urbane and the polite for so long should still, in his own prose, be falling so short of his models. His book amuses, instructs and delights. At least one reader has also found it very irritating. For the strength of these essays lie in their quotations. 'If I surpass other historians,' cried Michelet, 'it is because I have loved more!', and it is Mr Lucas's distinction as a critic that he has loved a great deal of literature and knows how to reproduce his reading. Why, then, must he stud his pages with so many trite, boring and obtrusive glosses? Why, when we want to hear more about Boswell's 'hyp' or Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, must we be treated to banal jeremiads about TV masts, modern criticism and ant-heap civilisation? One has a feeling that Mr Lucas has read so much that he is in danger of deserving the Quaker's 'simple but devastating comment on the breathless routine of Southey', that he himself quotes on page 154: 'Friend Southey, when dost thee think?' There is an air of breezy Bloomsbury superficiality and cultural omniscience about this book that is distressing. For Mr Lucas is a better littérateur than he is a historian. Where, for example, did he get the idea that Burke 'moulded' the politics of the later eighteenth century? And what, in Heaven's name, have the enclosure acts to do with the

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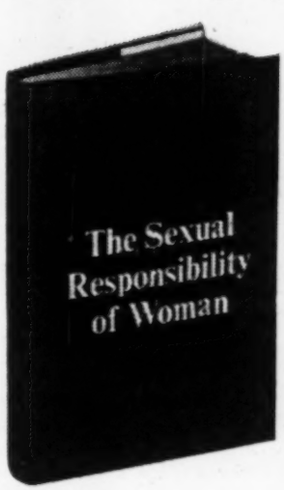

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'cancerous growth' of modern London? Too often, like the infant Mrs Humphry Ward, in the Beerbohm cartoon, we feel like exclaiming, 'Uncle Matthew, why cannot you be always wholly serious?'—or even sometimes partially so. If the Scrutineer group still survives as a militant literary unit, this book should provide them with powerful ammunition. It points up every sermon they have ever preached on the triviality of mandarin criticism.

These essays make up the first volume of a series designed to illustrate the values of the eighteenth-century mind, as displayed in its writers and philosophers. (The author hopes to follow it up with studies of Hume, Horace Walpole, Burke and Benjamin Franklin.) As one might expect, Mr Lucas falls down worst on Johnson, and writes best about Lord Chesterfield. To understand just where character-painting ends and literary criticism begins, I recommend that his essay on the former be read in conjunction with Dr Leavis's 'Johnson and Augustanism'. He writes agreeably but shallowly of Goldsmith and tediously of Boswell, the richness of whose personality he never seems to catch sight of. 'The central dissension over James Boswell', so he begins his essay, 'turns on the question—ass or genius?' An unsubtle view, to say the least. But then, Mr Lucas believes that the Boswell cult has been much abused, and he is agin it anyway. Here—as also in his insufferable patronage of Johnson—one seems to glimpse that urbane fear of life so characteristic of a certain kind of don:

> Poor Bozzy! Like a great cat, huger than the Sphinx, Life plays with human mice. Not even the most prudent can escape; and for the imprudent the eyes of that Sphinx can be stony, her claws unpitying. As Shakespeare well knew, when he sent Falstaff and his merry men, his Quickly and his Doll, after all their carefree comedy, to perish so ruthlessly by halter, or sickness, or broken heart.

Yet even on Chesterfield he falls short of what one might expect. (For instance, he has made little use or mention of the *Characters*, with the crowning delineation of George II: 'Tacitus would always have been deceived by him'.) And despite his nose for aphorisms, he has apparently forgotten 'cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity'—surely Chesterfield's best? 'In recent years', he writes on page 162, 'Chesterfield has been strongly defended by Charles Whibley, Charles Strachey, R. Coxon, Lord Carnarvon, and Professor Bonamy Dobrée . . .' In such a relatively unimpressive catalogue it seems surprising that Mr Connolly, whose brilliant essay on Chesterfield appeared in this journal more than 20 years ago, and is reprinted in *The Condemned Playground*, should have been overlooked.

If I have dwelt on Mr Lucas's demerits rather than on the pleasure his book has given me, it is because I believe that his is the type of over-cultivated fuddy-duddy mind that has done—and is doing—great damage to our whole culture in general, and to literary appreciation in particular. Nevertheless, I recommend his book for the feast of good things quoted in it. An indifferent bird, crammed with the finest truffles.

JOHN RAYMOND

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'It is good to have his brilliant book at last available in English.' —*The Times*

'As a philosopher he has the rare merit of having exciting things to say and saying them in a rigorous manner.' —*Economist*

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Swing, Swing Together

The Office: A Study of British Foreign Policy and its Makers, 1919-1951. By JOHN CONNELL. *Wingate.* 21*s.*

Mr Connell has the unique distinction—if that is the word—of being a professed friend and admirer of Mr Selwyn Lloyd. This book may help to explain why, for in parts it reads like one of the Foreign Secretary's speeches—muddled, ambiguous and not very much to the point. So far as I can gather, his theme is that diplomacy is best left to the diplomats and should preferably be conducted in secret. Mr Connell deplores the advent of open diplomacy after 1918 and he blames the appeasement policy of the late Thirties on Chamberlain's arrogant usurpation of the role of Foreign Secretary. But, to judge by the history of the post-war years, it does not seem to matter very much whether diplomacy is conducted in the open or in secret. Both were tried in the Korean Armistice Commission and the UN Disarmament Sub-committee, and with equal lack of success. The most sustained post-war experiment in secret diplomacy, the Sino-American talks in Geneva—which have now been going on for over three years—have been singularly unfruitful. Only a diplomat—or a diplomat *manqué*—can seriously argue that the form in which negotiations take place has any but a marginal bearing on their results. As for politicians acting against the advice of the diplomats, surely a much better example is the Suez adventure, of which Mr Connell was—and presumably still is—a vociferous supporter.

The earlier chapters of this book, which deal with the Twenties, are the best. Mr Connell describes Curzon, Macdonald and Arthur Henderson with skill and understanding, and his anecdotes, though mainly culled from standard biographies and memoirs, make good light reading. But as a historian he is far too self-indulgent to carry conviction. His many prejudices—against Arabs, intellectuals, Socialists, etc.—are allowed their heads throughout, and the emotional lumps which rise in his loyal old throat continually interrupt the narrative. Words like 'shrill', 'honour' and 'folly' occur on almost every page. Finally, it would be interesting to know on what evidence Mr Connell bases his statement that Foreign Office psychiatrists have 'nervous ticks and other symptoms of grave nervous disorders'. If it is true, should not Mr Connell's friend do something about it?

PAUL JOHNSON

Prince and Peasant

The Hurling Time. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

In May 1357, after his victory at Poitiers, the Black Prince entered London as a popular hero and installed his valuable prisoner, King John of France, in the palace of the Savoy. Twenty-four years later, in what was afterwards called 'the hurling time', the rebel peasants led by Wat Tyler entered London, destroyed the palace of the Savoy, compelled the young king Richard to grant their demands, seized the Tower and killed some of the leading members of the administration. What are the events which link and the causes which explain the early victories of the English in the Hundred Years War, and the humiliation of the court and ruling classes at the beginning of Richard II's reign? These events have been made famous by Froissart, whose prose is relished by Mr Collis. But Mr Collis also makes good use of the other sources and of recent scholarship. It is encouraging to find a writer concerned to interest his readers, who is also 'convinced that the modern public demands references and likes them to be as handy as possible'. The results of his technique of building up his picture as 'a mosaic composed from all the chronicles' are not always acceptable; but in general the narrative is remarkably effective, readable and honest.

It is an intriguing study of war and society at different levels. There is the level of Anglo-French chivalry: the elaborate civility of the Black Prince to his prisoner, the King of France, and that king's voluntary return to captivity when his son and chief hostage broke his parole. There is the level of war as a business: the traffic in ransoms and the cynical auction of military power conducted by captains from the Black Prince downwards. English captains fought one year with Du Guesclin to knock the king of Castile off his throne and the next year against Du Guesclin to replace the same king in power. There is the level of looting, oppression and massacre which, in a society where the Black Death had increased social tensions, led to the savage Jacquerie in France and to the more disciplined and political actions of the Peasants' Revolt in England. There are the ironic contrasts: the helplessness of the Castilian army before the tactics of the Black Prince and the equal helplessness of the English administration before the Castilian galleys raiding the south coast of England.

Occasionally Mr Collis relates these events to a larger setting, and here his touch is less secure. He explains the popularity of the Black Prince, not by his successes in gaining loot and ransoms, but by the fact that he embodied the English impulse to found dominions overseas, and makes him 'the first of the empire builders'. And in the use of archers by the English he sees not merely a change in military technique and organisation but a major factor of social and political change. 'The archers were the commons,' he writes; and from their share in the vic-

tories came 'the intuition that they were competent to be the rulers of England'. He speculates that the action of the burghers of Calais 'must have seemed to the peasantry an extraordinary vindication of the natural rights of the common man'; he sees in the Peasants' Revolt, more prosaically explicable as the product of exasperation and naive hopes, 'an uprush of that energy which in later years was to give the English people mastery in their country and overlordship of a great part of the world besides'; and he even suggests that the peasants of 1381 'not only sketched the future constitution, but also adumbrated the post-medieval Anglican church'. Less teleologically minded readers will be content to reflect on the wide repercussions of a destructive war and on the disillusionment both of the Black Prince and of Wat Tyler's credulous followers; but they will be grateful to Mr Collis for his vivid narrative and for his demonstration that it is possible to combine a respect for the evidence with a regard for the unprofessional common reader.

J. O. PRESTWICH

Worthy but Wrong

A Victorian Eminence. By GILES ST AUBYN. *Barrie.* 25*s.*

What a pest this trick is of giving fancy names to serious historical books! For the sake of a mainly imaginary 'curiosity sale' in shops, publishers risk destroying the usefulness of the work to later scholars. I worked for years on 1798 without knowing there was a life of Hamilton Rowan, because it was called *The Desire to Please;* and the only good life of Tito is entitled *Disputed Barricades.* Well, the arch title of this book conceals H. T. Buckle, author of *The History of Civilisation,* and forty-five years ago one of a Trinity whom any serious young freethinking student was almost compelled to read. The other two Persons were Haeckel and Spencer; the darkness that covers them now is not quite as black as Buckle's.

Buckle is forgotten for the same reason that Spengler and Toynbee are, or will be, forgotten; he attempted to construct a universal theory of history and he could not do it. 'To find', he wrote, 'in the events of the past a key to the proceedings of the future is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world'; he failed in this, naturally, but he is superior to his successors in the clarity of his writing and his devotion to reason – to logical deduction from ascertained facts. What he believed was often wrong, but it was clear and arguable, and not merely an inflated metaphor; and there still remain separate portions of his work which are stimulating (such as his account of the effects of climate and diet) or admirable (such as his vivid exposure of Scotch religion).

He was an odd man. In his youth he was 'spoiled, ignorant, self-opinionated and fond of Exeter Hall meetings'; he educated himself and learnt 'French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Walloon, Flemish, Swedish, Icelandic, Frisian, Maori, Russian, Anglo-Saxon, Hebrew, Greek and Latin' (speaking them with an abominable accent); he read enormously and became vastly learned; he defended free speech courageously, denouncing Mr Justice Coleridge in print and by name for a disgraceful blasphemy sentence; he became a lion of London literary society on the publication of his first volume; he died at the age of 41, having written no more than the introduction to his life's work. The writing of his biography was impeded by the discovery that he had, apparently, been the customer of an expensive harlot called Mrs Faunch, and had also been sometimes untruthful in the rather innocent manner of Harold Laski; his memory was held in such affection and respect that it was hard to disclose these faults. Mr St Aubyn, disclosing them, has produced both a lively portrait and a well-written, scholarly and valuable book.

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New Novels

Young People. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

My Face for the World to See. By ALFRED HAYES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Strangers. By ALBERT MEMMI. *Elek.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

After the Rain. By JOHN BOWEN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

> The first moral compulsion ought to be to understand. I'm not saying *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner,* far from it. But I am saying that passing moral judgments should be open to you only when you understand what you're judging, not before.

Thus Mr Cooper's Swan, a speaking likeness, one guesses, of someone we all know today as he was almost thirty years ago. Swan's way is Mr Cooper's. He makes no moral judgments; he is content to describe his characters and their behaviour with affection and ironical sympathy, and much of the excellence of *Young People* springs from this. It is a most attractive and entertaining novel. Mr Cooper is not a writer who gives one pleasure by turn of phrase or felicity of language but it all goes down as smooth as butter; and with every appearance of effortlessness there have been re-created a place, a period and a state of being. The state of being is indicated by the title. Mr Cooper's young people as we first meet them consist of four young men of working- or lower middle-class origins who are students in the early Thirties at a small university college in a provincial town. They have a good conceit of themselves and of one another, rightly, because they are very promising young men, and they are ambitious and gauche. They are, indeed, very young but have already set out on an expedition of conquest. Their mentor is the eldest among them, Swan, a research student, who is soon to win a scholarship to Cambridge and then a fellowship and is already writing a novel.

Mr Cooper is a leisurely novelist, and he begins by very firmly establishing his provincial background, not only through the characters of the young men but also through those of Mr and Mrs Gunning, the parents of one of them, a delightful couple who are prepared to be parents to them all. It is some time before we discover that Mr Cooper's camera is to focus on one of the four in particular, the dashing, romantic Leonard Harris, and even longer before we realise, as his friends do, that Harris's romanticism is that of the pathological liar. Mr Cooper most subtly unfolds Harris's career, every step of which is based on make-believe, and his disastrous marriage to Moira Leigh, a very successful creation; and it is exactly here that his refusal to be drawn into moral judgments, whether directly or by implication, stands him in such good stead. He is helped by the very neutrality of his prose. Harris is a bad lot; he trails unhappiness and disaster in his wake. And yet – perhaps the final comment is Swan's: 'If we want to weigh the whole thing up fairly, we have to think what life would have been without it'. And the point is, without the deceiving self-deceiver in their midst, the lives of Mr Cooper's characters would have been in some way the poorer. What impresses in *Young People* is the acceptance, as of things good in themselves, of the many-sidedness of life and its unpredictability.

I missed Mr Hayes's earlier novel *In Love,* to which the word 'masterpiece' seems to have been applied, but having read *My Face for the World to See,* I hope soon to make good the omission, for this author's is a truly formidable and terrifying talent. He has a merciless insight into human behaviour and he writes with extreme compression and great directness. His hero and narrator is a middle-aged American novelist, disillusioned, not too happy in his marriage, who is doing his

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stint as a scriptwriter in Hollywood. He rescues a girl who is attempting suicide by drowning and drifts, without love or even much lust, into an affair with her: 'I found she struck the nerve of pathos, somehow; there was an air about her of a somewhat touching injury'. She is a failed bit-player, a psychiatric case who is gallantly and forlornly fighting against her destructive fantasies. He becomes necessary to her, but his wife's imminent arrival from New York compels him to give her up. She attempts suicide again, and this time, to save his reputation, he compounds with it.

Honest, bleak, wry as it is, I am not wholly sure that *My Face for the World to See* is quite right; though it may be simply that the kind of character Mr Hayes's hero is, the successful middle-aged man with success gone sour on him and with a sudden over-developed awareness of the rattiness of the rat-race, has become so common in recent American fiction. All the same, as a parable on the destructive nature of false values, with Hollywood as the symbol of the bitch-goddess herself, it is a mordantly horrific piece of work.

Strangers affects one like a cry from the heart, agonising and piteous. It is a tragedy of misalliance. The hero, a Tunisian Jew educated in France, returns to Tunis as a doctor with an Alsatian wife who cannot fit into what seems to her the feudal barbarism of life in the ghetto there. The husband is torn between love for his wife and his feeling for his family and community. Presumably, the situation described is the paradigm of something that is happening increasingly often throughout the world today. Its poignance is undeniable; but common sense does cruelly whisper that when young women, whatever their colour, race or religion, marry men of a radically different culture they ought, for everyone's sake as well as their own, to try to find out what sort of life they are committing themselves to. And this indicates a weakness in the novel. It is told in the first person, from the husband's point of view, and the girl, who seems to be a graduate in chemistry of the University of Paris, does not emerge as a human being in her own right at all.

Having talked for years about Faber poets, it looks now as though we shall have to start talking about Faber novelists. They specialise in the catastrophic. First there was Mr Golding; now here is Mr Bowen, who tells us what happens to a raft-load of human beings, apparently the sole survivors of the race after a flood that inundates the earth in 1965. Needless to say, a horrible religion springs up; power goes to the fanatic. *After the Rain* is a satirical fable written with great verve. It has moments of genuinely imaginative horror. But I am bound to say that I feel for it, as I do for the novels of Mr Golding, no sympathy and a faint revulsion, especially when I compare it with the works of novelists like Mr Cooper, Mr Hayes and M. Memmi, who, beginning with an acceptance of the human condition as it is manifest in the world about us, go on to explore it with the respect due to it.

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What the Secretary Saw

Gulbenkian. By JOHN LODWICK in collaboration with D. H. YOUNG. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Mr David Young was employed as private secretary by Calouste Gulbenkian for some twenty years; Mr John Lodwick is a novelist by profession; they live within easy walking distance of each other in Spain. With publishers clamouring for the low-down on the fabulous Armenian as soon as he was safely dead, what more natural than that these two should team up together and produce a book? While Mr Lodwick gathers information on oil politics in the Middle East, Mr Young cudgels his memory for intimate details of those bygone days; and between them they proffer us 'an interpretation' of the wizard of finance, whatever that dubious word implies.

Mr Young's factual contribution proves to be somewhat meagre. He entered Gulbenkian's service in 1908 as a shorthand-typist and left some time in the Twenties, with a break for the 1914-18 War. That is a long time ago; and distant memories can be treacherous. (Moreover, soon after Gulbenkian's death, he exchanged his more lurid reminiscences for £1,000 provided by a Sunday newspaper.) Still, we may be interested to learn that his employer was a very hairy man (he often dictated in his bath); that he was a health faddist, fussed over his food, ate yoghourt for breakfast, would not let dogs lick his face for fear of germs and employed a masseur every morning to keep his stomach in trim; that he preferred cotton-wool to toilet-paper; that he was very mean and mistrustful in money matters and kept a sharp eye on the petty cash; that he tricked his wife out of her dowry and interfered in his son's love affairs; that he had a habit of patting the back of his head when he was getting angry and of foaming at the mouth as rage developed. It can be deduced that Mr Young's position in the household was a pretty subordinate one: his salary was only £400 a year. As far as really big business was concerned he was kept in the dark, although he occasionally eavesdropped to some purpose on the telephone and thereby made pin-money by speculating on his own account.

What the private secretary saw, and overheard, hardly exceeds the butler's scope of vision. Mr Lodwick has had to travel farther afield to collect enough material for his imaginative interpretation, and allows himself to be lured into the intrigues of the oil magnates and the thickets of high finance with disastrous results. His account of the famous Red Line agreement, for instance, is so confusing that one must know all about it beforehand to understand what he is talking about. His dates are vague; his figures do not always tally; and the sequence of events is loftily disregarded. But he is a facile and vivacious writer, with an occasional neat turn of phrase and a bold liking for metaphor. What is his final interpretation of Gulbenkian's character? 'He stands out like a janissary, scimitar in hand, among a chattering crowd of eunuchs.' Who would have thought that metaphors could go so astray! To my uninstructed eye Gulbenkian's career looked much more like that of a cautious eunuch warily ducking under the scimitars of a threatening mob of janissaries.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Out of Adolphe

Two Lovers in Rome. Edited by LOUIS DESTERNES. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

Slim, prettified, and expensive, this book looks and sounds like a collector's piece of mild titillation from the Charing Cross Road, all frills and Frenchiness and asterisks in the text. This dismal impression is furthered by the editor's allusive preface, which gives few references and precious little information, conveying a general sense of faint, languishing gush. The proof-reader can't spell 'dilettante', and he makes several slips in six lines from the *Purgatorio* on p. 195. All of which is a pity: for despite its toothsome title, *Two Lovers in Rome* is an absorbing, comic, and rather moving story, almost a lightweight companion to Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe.* What's more, it offers fresh insight into that strange transformation-scene at the beginning of the nineteenth century, whereby the Age of Sense turned into the Age of Sensibility.

Its raw materials are the journal and correspondence of Etienne-Jean Delécluze, painter and critic, the pupil and biographer of David. In the winter of 1823-4, when he was forty-three, he was introduced to Mme Récamier, then staying in Rome with her young adopted niece, Amélie. Dancing attendance on the ageing coquette – and at times actually chewing her gown – was Jean-Jacques Ampère, a youth in his mid-twenties, son of the famous scientist. If this situation was absurd enough, it was soon capped by Delécluze, who in the heated atmosphere of Roman intrigue and fashion fell hopelessly in love with Amélie, more than twenty years his junior. Delécluze and Ampère, then, are the 'two lovers' of this book's title: the respective objects of their affections remained regrettably unmoved.

Unrequited love can be both touching and farcical; and it's seldom more so than when the frustrated wooer is an apostle of Reason. Delécluze, a lifelong bachelor, friend of Stendhal, and painter of classical canvases, held that 'romantic ideas are the leprosy of modern society', but like Stendhal he couldn't escape the infection. To watch him drawn unwittingly into a stock romantic situation, solemnly listing his feelings like an elegant Mr Pooter, is one of the pleasures of this self-contained little cautionary tale. Even when he paces the seashore dreaming of his beloved, or plucks

a forget-me-not to send her from Pæstum, he still seems to regard himself as an opponent of 'romantic ideas'. Amélie was more hard-headed: but her polite, embarrassed notes were misconstrued as veiled hints of passion and affection, and poor Delécluze went on deceiving himself, in quite Boswellian fashion, for just over a year. So, too, did his young friend Ampère. In this direction, Delécluze saw more clearly; and with true eighteenth-century sense and graciousness he warned Mme Récamier of the dangers that Ampère's fond illusions might involve. Fortunately, his warnings were heeded; and still more fortunately, he retained enough sense, despite his sensibility, to find his feet at last when his own illusions were destroyed. One day, like a pert little flirt, Amélie introduced him to her fiancé. For a time, Delécluze was shrivelled with bitterness and misery: he raged pathetically at all those, including Amélie, who appeared to him to have led him on.

But at last, philosophy reasserted itself, and he made friends with his rival. In the last excerpt from his journal, he describes an evening they all spent together: they sat, he says, 'on low chairs in front of the fire and chattered away like magpies. What we talked about was of no particular interest, but we laughed a great deal. A delightful evening'. And, on the whole, a delightful and well-translated book.

RICHARD MAYNE

Gramophone Records

I WISH the gramophone companies could be persuaded that words are essential to the full enjoyment of songs. Incredible though it may seem, hardly any song recordings are issued with the text of what is sung. DGG is the worst offender. The sleeve of a recent disc on which Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings some of Schumann's lesser-known *Lieder* is a case in point. The sleeve has nothing but a general blurb about the composer's songs. There is no information whatsoever about what is actually sung; no opus numbers are given so that it is impossible, for example, to determine which setting of 'Schneeglöckchen' one is about to hear; and finally there are no words whatsoever. Some improvement is admittedly shown in another recent DGG disc on which Oskar Werner recites Heine and Irmgard Seefried sings settings of his poems by Schumann, for the text is printed on the back of the sleeve and on an insert. But even here verses are omitted, the layout is confusing and no translation is provided.

HMV and Columbia are somewhat more adequate. They provide opus numbers, a brief note on the song, followed by a literal prose translation. But this deprives the listener of the pleasure of the original verses, while anyone without German will find it hard to relate the translation before his eyes to the words that reach his ears. Decca's policy at least has the virtue of acknowledging the want, for the sleeve of the Souzay record reviewed below states that a pamphlet containing both the original text and an English translation can be bought for ninepence. In theory this meets the need. In practice it often involves the trouble of a separate order. As in the long run the recording companies stand to gain from the pleasure a disc gives, might it not be in their own interest, as well as the public's, to issue such a pamphlet as an intrinsic part of a recording of this sort? Failing that, Philips's practice on a Lehmann record reviewed below of jettisoning notes and printing the texts sung is really the best solution, although it doesn't meet the need for a translation.

* * *

Is nostalgia an essential part of appreciation? Is it just the fascination of what is gone and cannot be recalled, or are young singers, like young claret, raw and obvious when put beside the depths and subtlety that seem to come with age? This passed through my mind as I listened to a Philips disc on which Lotte Lehmann sings two of Schumann's great song cycles: *Frauenliebe und Leben* and *Dichterliebe*. I had just heard the Heine-Schumann record I mentioned earlier on and, although I found Herr Werner's readings rather mannered, Seefried's singing had struck me as fresh and accomplished. But when I turned to Lehmann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*, I changed my mind. Lehmann's voice here is, of course, old, it is not always comfortable on top, the tone is occasionally unsteady in quick music and she is perhaps a bit matronly for these young girl's songs. Yet how pale, shallow and artless the style and *presence* of Lehmann's singing makes Seefried sound. 'Süsser Freund du blickest mich verwundet an' has a wonderfully sustained intensity, while the closing phrase of 'Ich kann es nicht fassen' is unforgettably done. The accompanist is a model of sensibility, style and tact: he is none other than Bruno Walter.

Although Lehmann sounds in rather fresher voice in *Dichterliebe*, she is less successful here, if only because these songs call for a man's voice. Even so, her 'Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen' is magical and who, I asked myself, among the younger sopranos could penetrate so deeply as Lehmann does here into Heine's world of outer beauty and inner misery? No soprano perhaps, but Fischer-Dieskau certainly. It is a joy to salute his superb *Dichterliebe*, for here at any rate is a singer who does not induce nostalgia for bygone vintages. In fact his performance towers over Lehmann's, not only in terms of vocal resources, but in sheer insight and artistry, such as make it difficult to believe that this is a young baritone only on the threshold of middle age. Fischer-Dieskau's faults, a certain roughness and unevenness of tone in full voice and a tendency to smudge notes with sheer vehemence, are here at a minimum. His *mezza voce* throughout is utterly superb, while the concluding song, 'Ich hab' in Traum geweinet', is *Lieder* singing as deeply poignant as I have heard. In addition the disc contains six settings of Heine by Brahms. Jörg Demus's accompaniment is remarkably fine and the recording is first-rate.

On another DGG disc Fischer-Dieskau has recorded some rarely heard Schumann songs, including the twelve settings of Kerner that comprise Op. 35. These are of unequal quality and the singer is perhaps in slightly less superb voice than in the *Dichterliebe*. But here again he brings that wonderful sense of concentration and understanding to everything he does. Günther Weissenborn shows himself an able accompanist, if not quite on the level of Demus, and the recording is again good. HMV have issued another Fischer-Dieskau record, on which he sings a well-chosen selection of Strauss's songs, all of them curiously enough written before the turn of the century. He is not completely at ease in the lighter songs so that in 'Herr Lenz' an attempt at swagger results in bluster; and a certain lack of control when he pushes his upper register is evident in 'Befreit'. But in passages of inner emotion, such as at the end of 'Morgen' he is, as usual, outstanding. Gerald Moore accompanies admirably and, apart from some deterioration at the end of the first side, the recording is spacious and true.

Gérard Souzay offers an attractive coupling of the relatively rarely heard Schumann *Liederkreis* Op. 24 (these are settings of Heine, whereas the poems of the better-known cycle of the same name are by Eicherdorff) and some of Wolf's Mörike songs. The French baritone lacks the power and range of emotion of Fischer-Dieskau – who, it is worth noting, has also recently recorded the cycle for HMV – and there is a certain caution about his singing. But within these limitations what he does is extremely accomplished and sensitive. He gets closer to the bitter-sweet quality of the Heine-Schumann settings than to Mörike and Wolf, where a rather poorly sustained *mezza voce* becomes apparent in 'In der Frühe'. The Decca recording is excellent. Hans Hotter is in sadly indifferent voice in a Brahms recital on Columbia. There is plenty of sensibility and intelligence here, the recording is first rate and Gerald Moore is in good form. But in too many of the songs the attempt to scale down his huge voice results in frayed, uneven tone, unsteady line and an ill-nourished *mezza voce*.

Josef Greindl's bass voice is not particularly ingratiating and I must confess that I put on his *Winterreise* (on two DGG discs) without high expectations, particularly as downward transposition weighs heavily in a cycle as long as this. But Greindl is in much better control of his voice than Hotter, and if he lacks Dieskau's imaginative power, his singing here shows real style and integrity. What the cycle, as opposed to individual songs, lacks is that feeling of a screw turning remorselessly tighter as each song carries the singer deeper into a world of hopeless desolation. But 'Der Leiermann' is finely done, and in 'Im Dorfe' he catches the bitter, ironical resigna-

Joyce Hemlow's

THE HISTORY OF

Fanny Burney

This *History* contains new information about Fanny Burney, the Burneys, Johnsonian circles, the court, and very many personages of the age, found in hitherto suppressed sections of the *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*. It reflects the lively Burney letters with their personal revelations and their references to sorrows, errors, or sins, as well as joys and triumphs. The work does not stop with her marriage in 1793 but continues through the Napoleonic era and on to 1840, giving for the first time a biography of her years as 'the famous Madame d'Arblay'.

Illustrated 35s. *net*

Oxford University Press

HORENSTEIN
conducts Mahler

'I have heard many performances of the Ninth Symphony of Mahler, some under the direction of the renowned interpreters, Bruno Walter, Klemperer, Barbirolli, and Mengelberg. This one went deeper into the score than any of my recollection; and the playing was absolutely right in tone, in attack, in its vehement string tension, its snap of woodwind, and also its pathos of woodwind; and the brass and horns ranged from romantic evocation to sounds which seemed to come from the charnel house.

'By what marvels of hypnotism does a conductor conjure from an orchestra a tone the like of which it has seldom produced before? This was the voice of Mahler; it was more than that—it was the Mahler ectoplasm. At the end of the performance there was a scene of enthusiasm and tumult seldom equalled at concerts in this country. Horenstein was repeatedly called back to the platform. Young people in the audience shouted, waved hands and stamped feet. The sight of it all warmed the cockles of the heart. . . . This performance has surely established Horenstein's position among the very few great humane orchestral interpreters of our time.'

So wrote Neville Cardus in the *Manchester Guardian* on January 17th, after Horenstein's Festival Hall concert on the previous Wednesday.

Horenstein has recorded two Mahler symphonies for VOX:

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(Vienna Symphony Orch.) **PL 7602**

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tion of 'Je nun, je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen' in a haunting manner. The fourth side contains six additional songs by Schubert, which are less well sung and accompanied than *Die Winterreise*. The recording is good but the sleeve gives no indication of which of the five settings of 'Sehnsucht' is included.

On a small DGG seven-incher Erna Berger sings two songs by Schubert and two by Brahms in a most accomplished and musical manner. The opening of 'Nacht und Träume' has real magic, but she is a trifle free with *portamenti* in Brahms's 'Wiegenlied'. Cornelius's attractive little *Christmas Songs* and some Brahms *Lieder* and folk songs are very prettily sung on a ten-inch DGG disc by Irmgard Seefried. The recording is not easy to reproduce comfortably and the surface of my copy is bad.

* * *

Finally, a brief glance at some recent recordings of piano music. Pride of place must go to Robert Casadesus, who plays the first book of Debussy *Préludes* and, joined by his wife, the much neglected *En blanc et noir* and the *Six Epigraphes Antiques*. This is an outstandingly fine record. Casadesus's approach is perhaps more severe than Gieseking's, so that whereas with the German pianist colour and mood are prominent, here there is a feeling rather of a fine network of bone. But beneath the crystalline purity of Casadesus's playing there is great strength and magnificent grasp of structure. The recording is only just below the highest level, but there are no scrolls between individual preludes and the surface of my copy is outrageously bad. Rubinstein plays a mixed bag of Debussy on one side of an HMV disc, but while his pianism is as fascinating and masterly as ever, he treats the music with more freedom than Casadesus and shows a less complete insight into its formal aspect. The reverse of this rather hard-toned recording carries an exceedingly brilliant performance of the Chopin B flat minor sonata, in which the concluding section of the funeral march is delivered with magisterial power.

As a former admirer of Rosalyn Tureck I found myself intensely disappointed by her performance of the *Goldberg Variations* on two HMV discs. Her approach strikes me as mannered and studied, and subtle handling of tempi and phrasing seems here to have degenerated into endless finessing. Her over-reverent approach, which is well instanced in the breathless intensity with which she plays the little sarabande on which the variations are made, finally grows so exasperating that I found myself preferring a brash, extrovert performance by Glenn Gould on a single Philips disc. Admittedly he does not strike very deep and some of his tempi are absurdly fast, but at least his playing has freshness, vitality of line and rhythm, and a sense of enjoyment. There are, of course, passages where Miss Tureck is excellent. But they remain isolated, and while her more affluent admirers will doubtless be willing to pay double to hear her do everything twice, her decision to play every repeat seems questionable in the absence of the variety that only harpsichord registration can provide. A first-rate example of this is provided by Kirkpatrick's performances of the *English Suites*. DGG Archive have recently issued the final disc (containing suites nos. 5 and 6) of this admirable set.

Sviatoslav Richter's playing of Schumann on a well recorded DGG disc is sheer joy, for his prodigious technique remains at the service of sensibility that goes to the very heart of Schumann's lyricism. In comparison Backhaus's playing of *Waldszenen* on an excellent Decca recording sounds curiously over-emphatic and lacking both the warmth and the freshness of Richter's. Nor is he more successful with Schubert's *Moments Musicaux* on the other side of the disc, which he plays very solemnly. He is clearly much happier in the rather more solid fare of short Brahms pieces which he plays on another Decca disc. Here he is equally well recorded and exactly catches the music's blend of rhapsody and formal strength.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,461 **Set by Thomas Smallbones**

The usual prizes are offered for a set of four maxims from a La Rochefoucauld *de nos jours*. Entries by 11 March.

Result of No. 1,458 **Set by Savage**

Landor's 'I strove with none, for none was worth my strife . . .' is perhaps the most self-revealing epitaph in English. We offer the usual prizes for a similar quatrain, composed *in nomine* Harold Wilson, Lord Beaverbrook, Somerset Maugham, Sir Malcolm Sargent, R. A. Butler, A. J. P. Taylor, Sir Mortimer Wheeler or Miss Christina Foyle.

Report

The Beaver topped the poll by a head, followed by Sir Malcolm, Sir Mortimer and Mr Maugham, the four others tying well down. I liked Miles's Latin invocation to Alan Taylor and Vera Hardman's vision of Maugham contemplating the New Asperity, also A. W. Hill's saddened Rab. G. J. Blundell's Beaverbrook was admirable:

> I crusaded for Empire with zest
> In an anti-Imperialist age,
> And hence was predestined to rest
> In chains on my paper's front page.

Unfortunately, like many, he failed to reproduce the Landorian scansion. Many thanks to James Fidgen for including the Wyndham Lewis envoi, which I had not read before. A guinea to J. R. Till for his two entries and half a guinea to the others printed. Runners-up include Annie Allen, Roy Walker, Gloria Prince, 'Little Billee' and R. W. Rawlings.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

My lifelong study was antiquity.
The past is cold and lifeless? I was not!
I sold BC on BBC TV.
I was a find—an interesting old pot!

GWEN FOYLE

In learned tomes I've called a spade a spade,
I've dug for ages past from Ur to Delhi;
But only now at last my fortune's made,
For now the public dig me on the telly.

PAULINE PHILLIPS

HAROLD WILSON

I stood for Virtue, fought the City sharks,
And smote the money-changers hip and thigh;
What matter if their conduct got full marks?
Christ made them no concessions—why should I?

GUY HADLEY

CHRISTINA FOYLE

I launched them all, the lowly and the grand;
Learning I loved, and, next to Learning, Lunch;
The only thing I simply hadn't planned
Was so much syrup after ev'ry munch.

J. R. TILL

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Let History record: on ITV
Her lessons lucidly to all I taught.
Avoided dealings with the BBC,
To Hell with what 'established' Oxford thought!

JOAN ACKNER

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT

None strove with me, for none could quite compete.
Myself I loved, and next, the final Prom.
My taste in all things was for the elite,
Which sometimes meant the likes of Eric Blom.

BARBARA RAPAPORT

My music was my one true love, although
I also had a care for things sartorial.
I only hope that when it's time to go,
In Savile Row they'll raise me a memorial.

ARDIE HUTCHISON

LORD BEAVERBROOK

Power was my aim; my medium the Press.
I thought to lead the masses by the nose.
I made a fortune, but I must confess
My aim's a melted footprint in old snows.

ALLAN M. LAING

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I suffered, and to suffer is an ill;
I smiled, yet never lost myself in mirth;
My first name William, no one called me Bill;
Now only strangers tell me what I'm worth.

J. R. TILL

City Lights

Here Comes the Bogy Man

There comes a point – snow melting into floods – when people suddenly begin to take notice of what the headlines have been shouting at them for months past. Public opinion has become noticeably more slump-conscious in the past week or two, and the stock exchanges of the world have been decidedly uneasy. In London, for example, the weakening of sterling and Grandma's mopping-up operations in the money market have brought the rise in gilt-edged stocks to a temporary standstill, while equities have been feeling the strain of finding money for Shell and BP.

Prices on Wall Street have so far held up remarkably well – partly because of the rise in fixed-interest stocks set off by anticipation of easier money, partly because so many pessimists have already sold short that every tendency for prices to drop comes up against a rush of buyers. But Wall Street too has been uneasy this week. The flow of gloomy business news is now in full spate and the monetary authorities are still hesitating to take vigorous action against the deepening recession. The Federal Reserve Board has at last announced the long-expected cut in the proportion of their assets which member banks are required to keep frozen on deposit with the central bank. This is the first step yet taken to stimulate an increase in the supply of money and it will no doubt encourage short-term interest rates to fall further. But it has been so long delayed and it has turned out to be so disappointingly small that the immediate psychological effect has been the reverse of what the Board presumably expected.

* * *

A prolonged fit of the jitters – and the recession is taking its time over here – is the best possible thing for brain-washing people out of their fixed opinions. Take the report of the Cohen committee, for example. The City, of course, nodded its collective head approvingly over the familiar, incontrovertible and barren factual sections of the report. It was tickled, if not surprised, to find that the Three Wise Men nourished much the same warm affection as itself for abstract economic principles. But the City is a professional dealer in instinct, and it realised, instinctively and at once, that the report was too far removed from the present climate of feeling to have much influence on the course of events. Not only has it learnt from industrial correspondents that trade union sentiments are not to be trifled with beyond a certain point, but it is beginning to lose its own strong financial nerve as recession comes nearer. The City, moreover, has not failed to notice the reflection of its own growing sobriety in parliament – notably in this week's employment debate. Government speakers are becoming more and more ready to admit that things may turn out worse than they hope and that reflationary policies may soon be the order of the day. They seem, however, to have very little idea of what form such policies should take – a fact which only increases the jitteriness of the weaker brethren.

Apart from the general muddle-headedness of the government and the understandable if unbalanced preoccupation of its strong men with the problems of inflation, its failure to take precautionary measures against a serious US recession may be due to its neurotic dithering between Europe and the Commonwealth. The interminable free trade area negotiations are making little headway against French pig-headedness; as the date of the prime minsters' conference approaches, the government may be tempted to jilt Europe for the Commonwealth as violently as it was recently anxious to do the reverse. Black is black and white is white. When Britain should be helping to pull the world together in a common fight against the internal contradictions which give Mr Krushchev so much pleasure, she is desperately trying to decide to which of two exclusive cliques it would be more advantageous to belong.

* * *

Olds Discount, you may remember, recently provoked the Chancellor's interest by raising money without permission of the Capital Issues Committee. It simply took over, in exchange for its own shares, a company which possessed a good deal of cash: the result differed from that of a cash issue to shareholders (for which permission would have been needed) only because shareholders were not given a chance of subscribing for the new shares. Radio Rentals has now perfected this circumambulatory technique, taking over a company which – its other assets having been removed – owns only cash and saleable investments. Mr Clore's Investment Registry, which arranged the deal, is buying the shares issued for the takeover and re-offering them, on a rights basis, to the shareholders of Radio Rentals. There is absolutely no difference, in this transaction, between what would have happened with CIC permission and what did happen without needing to ask for it – except, perhaps, that Investment Registry drew a larger commission.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 433. Is This Proper Marxism?

I wonder. But perhaps the question should be more precisely put: Is the Muzio Gambit compatible with the materialist concept of history? Again I am not so sure; and while the winner of the subsequent game may well have had some Hegelian dialectics to play with, his antithesis is rather more in evidence than his synthesis: indeed, the very thesis of his gambit may be open to doubt, and its soundness can hardly be more than hypothetical. The winner of the game was a Dr Marx, Karl H. Marx, a bearded foreigner who took some time off his research work at the British Museum and strolled over to the Gordon Hotel in Covent Garden (or, may be, to the Inns of Court in Holborn) to play and win this game of chess.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P x P; (3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4; (4) B-B4, P-Kt5; (5) O-O, P x Kt; (6) Q x P, Q-B3; (7) P-K5, Q x P; (8) P-Q3, B-R3; (9) Kt-B3, Kt-K2; (10) B-Q2, QKt-B3; (11) QR-K1, Q-KB4; (12) Kt-Q5, K-Q1; (13) B-B3, R-KKt1; (14) B-B6, B-Kt4; (15) B x B, Q x B; (16) Kt x KBP, Kt-K4; (17) Q-K4, P-Q3? (Kt x B!); (18) P-KR4, Q-Kt5; (19) B x P, R-B1, (20) B-R5, Q-Kt2; (21) P-Q4, Kt(4)-B3; (22) P-B3, P-R4? (R-KKt1!); (23) Kt-K6 ch!, B x Kt; (24) R x R ch, Q x R; (25) Q x B, R-R3. [Black is practically in zugzwang]; (26) R-KB1, Q-Kt2; (27) B-Kt4, Kt-Kt1; (28) R-B7, resigns.

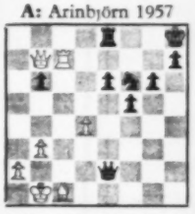
My source for this game is *Shakmaty*, but the editor of that famous Russian journal shares my scepticism about the authenticity of certain games ascribed to celebrities such as Napoleon, Rousseau, Tolstoi and others. An exception, of course, was Henry Buckle who, apart from his eminence as a historian happened to be a chessplayer of master strength; hence the only thing incredible about this game is the fact that his opponent could fall into a trap, hoary even in 1840.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) Kt-B3, P-K4; (4) B-B4, Kt-QB3; (5) P-Q3, KKt-K2; (6) B-KKt5, B-Kt5; (7) Kt-Q5, Kt-Q5; (8) Kt x P!, B x Q?; (9) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt; (10) B x P mate.

Yet another celebrity-game of indubitable authenticity is this one won by Cardinal Pecci, three years before (in 1878) he was called Leo XIII and ascended the throne of St Peter, a tenure remarkable for a good deal more than its uncommonly long span of 25 years.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4, (4) P-B3, Kt-B3, (5) P-Q4, P x P; (6) P-K5, P-Q4; (7) P x Kt, P x B; (8) Q-K2 ch, B-K3; (9) P x Kt P, R-KKt1; (10) P x P, Kt x P; (11) Kt x Kt, B x Kt; (12) Q-R5, Q-B3; (13) O-O, R x P; (14) Q-Kt5 ch, P-B3; (15) Q x KtP, R x P ch; (16) K x R, Q-Kt3 ch; (17) K-R1, B-Q4 ch; (18) P-B3, B x P ch; (19) R x B, Q-Kt8 mate.

A: Arinbjörn 1957



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position. After (1) P-Q5, Q-K5 ch; (2) K-R1 Black, unwisely, played . . . Q x P and had to resign a few moves later. Why? **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, rate 6 and 7 ladder-points, the latter remarkable for the refutation of a clever stalemating attempt. Usual prizes. Entries by 10 March

B: L. Kubbel 1938

C: Bondarenko & Kakovin

REPORT on No. 430. Set 8 February

A: (1) QxKt ch!, RxQ; (2) RxR ch, K-Kt1; (3) B-B4 ch, R-B2; (4) R-K8 ch, K-Kt2; (5) Kt-K6 mate. If (2) . . . . R-B2; (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1; (4) R-K8 ch, R-B1; (5) RxR mate.

B: (1) P-R7, P=Q; (2) P=R ch!!, K-Kt4; (3) B-K8 ch, K any; (4) R-Kt8 ch etc.

If (2) P=Q??, Black draws by . . . K-Kt4; (3) Q-B6 ch (Q-Kt8??), K-R4; (4) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt4; (5) B-K8 ch, K-Kt5!; (6) Q-Kt8 ch, B-Kt3!!; (7) QxB ch, K-R6!; (8) QxQ stalemate.

C: (1) Kt-K7 ch!, KxKt; (2) KtxB, P-R7; (3) Kt-B6 ch! (Kt-B4?), K-Kt3!; (4) Kt-K4!!, P=Kt (P=Q?); (5) B-B1, K-B4; (6) B-Kt2 etc.

Many stumped by C. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, P. Furmston, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Holidays in the
U.S.A. & CANADA

★

11 days' inclusive holiday by air and bus: *Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec* £184 . 16s

★

13 days' inclusive holiday by air and bus: *New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls* £198 . 2s

★

17 days' inclusive holiday by air and bus: *New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal* £206 . 12s

★

A few vacancies exist on special tour leaving Southampton, April 24, by R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. Escorted throughout U.S.A., visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington etc. 27 days, 242gns.

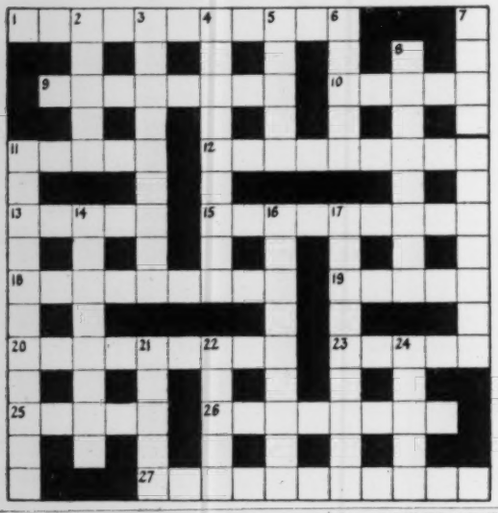
Send for free booklet, Dept. W/2/FZ.

Berkeley Street, London, W.1, and branches; or Dean & Dawson.

COOKS

Week-end Crossword 292

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 292, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 11 Mar.



ACROSS

1. Unselfish, having opponents in front of one inside the box (11).
9. Putting an end to what is nearly all first-rate (8).
10. Be repugnant, but the reverse of an outcast (5).
11. Heavenly body for me in bed (5).
12. Works with a formal appeal? (9).
13. There is nothing in the backward type or half-wit (5).
15. A Rome trip would make a change for an important Roman (9).
18. A reversal for corruption follows since soft reforms for the police officer (9).
19. Animal which takes part in Bacchic orgies (5).
20. Poses Wilson takes over from Carroll (9).
23. Permission to quit (5).
25. Wood is after me to make perfect (5).
26. Court Satan as a disease of animals (8).
27. Portions of redesigned centre pages (11).

DOWN

2. Back and no stomach? (5).
3. The weakness and corruption of poetic men (9).
4. This is a possible step I omit as an abbreviator (9).
5. 'For e'en though vanquish'd, he could — still' (Goldsmith) (5).
6. Sorry, but there is no river for this wader (5).
7. A probable fault for a tree (4, 7).
8. Music on a mountain for a surgeon (8).
11. Thoroughly search one country for the union (11).
14. A dog climbs about like this for favours (8).
16. A poet has tortured cries within him: it gives one a higher view (9).
17. Remember about prayer (9).
21. Bulb which may be lit up (5).
22. We come between party and king to produce a settlement (5).
24. Copying a sound (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 29

C	H	A	N	C	E	L	E	S	S	■	B	A	T	H
U	■	C	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	■	N	■	O	■
F	O	R	T	N	I	G	H	T	S	■	B	I	L	L
F	■	E	■	D	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	M	■	D
■	■	S	E	L	L	I	N	G	P	L	A	T	E	■
A	■	P	■	M	■	L	■	I	■	D	■	R	■	■
P	L	A	I	N	L	Y	■	C	A	R	A	V	A	N
P	■	N	■	A	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	■
R	O	T	A	T	E	D	■	P	E	T	A	R	D	S
E	■	O	■	I	■	E	L	■	L	■	T	■	S	■
C	O	M	M	O	N	P	L	A	C	E	S	■	■	■
I	■	I	■	N	■	R	■	T	■	V	■	O	■	A
A	I	M	S	■	T	I	M	E	K	E	E	P	E	R
T	■	E	■	■	V	A	L	■	I	■	■	M	■	■
E	A	S	Y	■	S	E	Q	U	E	S	T	E	R	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 290

R. R. Lee (Ilkley), Mrs J. M. Ewart (London, W8), John May (London, SW15)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INSTRUCTOR BRANCH
ROYAL NAVY

Why not utilise your scientific or professional knowledge and at the same time enjoy the comradeship and advantages of commissioned service in the Royal Navy? The Instructor Branch offers Short Service Commissions to graduates in Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography and English, to men with degree equivalent qualifications, and to non-graduates with teaching qualifications or experience.

The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy.

Note also:—

Undergraduates in their final year may apply.

Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years

A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service

Starting pay is £511 p.a., rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620, rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Hons. graduates), plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc. where appropriate.

£405 tax free gratuity after 3 years and pro rata for longer.

All Short Service Officers may apply for permanent commissions.

Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit.

For further details apply to

Director, Naval Education Service (P/101),
Admiralty,
London.

GRANADA TV NETWORK
intend to appoint an
ADVERTISING MANAGER

responsible for planning and execution of the Company's advertising in all media. We are looking for a man who has an affectionate respect for the English language and is skilled in its use. He needs also to have a good knowledge of typography. The position is an opportunity for a man of intelligence and sensitivity who has not specialised in only one side of advertising, but who has had wide experience of publicity, sales promotion and advertising. The salary, conditions of employment and pension are attractive. Write in confidence to Sidney L. Bernstein, Chairman, Granada TV Network, Limited, 36 Golden Square, W1.

NATIONAL Trust requires man, with journalistic experience, to deal with Press and Public Relations work and to whom the importance and scope of the work is of more interest than the modest salary offered. Write 42 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TEACHERS

(m. & f.) wanted by German Berlitz School (Salary £40-55 monthly). Apply, with photo and outline of previous career to:

BERLITZ SCHOOL
Hamburg 1, Spitalerstr 1, Germany

ST. CHARLES' HOSPITAL
Ladbroke Grove, W10

Secretary to the Matron required immediately. Shorthand / typewriting necessary.

Salary starts at 23 years and over within the range £415 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9

Shorthand/typist required immediately to act as secretary to Director of Physical Medicine, and as receptionist to the Physiotherapy department. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a., according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

TAVISTOCK CLINIC
2-6 Beaumont Street, W1.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST required immediately. A knowledge of psychiatric medical terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

BBC invites applications from men aged 30/45 for a senior personnel post in Engineering Division. Applicants should possess sound practical experience of Trade Union relations, preferably in a large organisation, since duties include responsibility for review and application of rates of pay, conditions of service and working conditions of all staff in Engineering Division, including liaison and negotiation with Trade Unions, development of joint consultative machinery, etc. The person appointed will also be responsible for personnel administration of a large number of manual staff and some financial administration. Sound educational background, proved ability in general administration in a responsible capacity, and an appreciation of work and conditions of service of monthly-paid technical as well as manual staff is essential; candidates should possess ability to think clearly and act positively. Salary £1,660, rising by five annual increments to £2,090 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.528, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE Working Men's College needs male Teachers to prepare adult men students for GCE (O level) in Eng. lang., French, Phys., Chem., Maths, Hist. (Eur.). Two classes per wk in evgs. The college has many clubs and societies. Write for particulars (rates of pay, etc.) and application forms to College Secretary, Crowndale Road, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant in Fieldwork Section, Audience Research Department. Duties include some office work but consist mainly of training and supervising part-time interviewers, both men and women, engaged on the continuous country-wide survey of listening and viewing. Considerable travelling is involved and much time will be spent outside London. Candidates should be capable of giving clear and easily understood instructions to people of many different kinds. A good knowledge of BBC programmes and some practical experience in training staff or in market research interviewing, desirable. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £750 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.531, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

NATIONAL Physical Laboratory. Pensionable post of Superintendent in the Modern Physics Division of the Laboratory at Teddington, Middlesex. The Division is a newly created one concerned largely with developments in modern physics (non-nuclear) having potential applications to industry. Candidates should have high scientific qualifications, including experience in research and in the direction of research in modern experimental or theoretical physics. Those without high formal qualifics but of high professional attainment may be considered. Opportunities to develop own line of research. Salary scale £2,500-£2,800. Women's pay equal by 1961. Write Civil Service Commission, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W1 for application form quoting No. S4806/58. Closing date 18 March, 1958.

BBC invites applications from men or women (British or foreign) for holiday relief work as Spanish/English secretaries in their Latin American Service in London. Fast, accurate typing in Spanish and good knowledge of English essential. Minimum salary £8 8s. plus 10s. p.w. Language Allowance. Write, giving full particulars, to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference SC.578, N.Stm. within a week.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Curator (Ethnology) required for Horniman Museum, London, SE23. Good honours degree or diploma; Museum experience desirable. Salary scale £650×£35 to £895, commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Application forms with full details from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/K), The County Hall, London, SE1, to be returned by 31 March 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology. The post of University Assistant Lecturer in Social Anthropology is vacant: candidates will be expected to assume duties by 1 October 1958. Preference given to applicants having field work experience in East or Central Africa. Range of pensionable stipend £800 to £1,000 p.a. A further pensionable payment of up to £120 p.a. payable on the fulfilment of certain conditions: child allowance of £50 for each dependent child. Applications (10 copies) must be submitted by 31 March 1958, together with the names and addresses of not more than three referees, and sent to the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology, Downing Street, Cambridge, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STATISTICIANS in Civil Service. About 8 pensionable main grade posts (including one in Ministry of Health's new Statistics Branch, concerned particularly with NHS problems) for graduates aged 28 or over on 1 January 1958 with wide statistical experience and (normally) first or second class honours with statistics as main or subsidiary subject. Salary (men, London) £1,450 to £2,050. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting No. 4815/58/11. Closing date 21 March 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Royal Victoria Infirmary and King's College Medical School. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications from men and women for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate, or other Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Interest in Research is desirable and the successful candidate will be expected to share in the clinical work, the supervision of trainees and some lecturing with the other two Psychiatric Social Workers on the staff. Salary on University Scale £600 × £25 - £1,000 (commencing salary according to experience) with FSSU benefits and family allowance. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be submitted not later than 22 March, 1958, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology. The post of University Demonstrator in Physical Anthropology is vacant: candidates will be expected to assume duties by 1 October 1958. Preference will be given to applicants with some acquaintance with population studies and biological statistics. Range of pensionable stipend £800 to £1,000 p.a. A further pensionable payment of up to £120 p.a. payable on the fulfilment of certain conditions: child allowance of £50 for each dependent child. Applications (10 copies) must be submitted by 31 March 1958, together with the names and addresses of not more than three referees, and sent to the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology, Downing Street, Cambridge, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the University Settlement invite applications from both men and women for the appointment of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Education and Play Centre Organiser. Salary per annum within the following ranges: Lecturer, £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 March 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ADMINISTRATIVE assistant, lady 30-50, required to run Temporary Staff section of small West End Bureau. Excellent prospects. Write Box 8614.

NATIONAL Union of Students. Capable, alert, well-educated sh./typist reqd for Travel Dept. Should be experienced. 5-day week. Apply in writing to Manager, NUS Travel Dept, 3 Endsleigh St, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from Honours Graduates in Economics, or other appropriate subjects, experienced in adult education, preferably in the field of Industrial Relations, for the post of Staff Tutor and Deputy to the Director of Extramural Studies, with immediate responsibility for WEA and Trade-Union classes, to take up duties on 1 September, 1958. Salary in the upper part of the Lecturer scale £1,150 × 50 – £1,350 × 75 – £1,650, according to qualifications and experience, with FSSU and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from Registrar to whom applics (12 copies) should be sent by 22 Mar. 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. Experience in the education of young children is essential. The person appointed will be required to take up duty in September, 1958. The salary will be within the range of £650 × £50 to £1,350 × £75 to £1,650, with family allowance and membership of the F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom twelve copies of applications, including the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than 24 March, 1958. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Administrative Assistant required in the above Department. Candidates should be graduates with relevant administrative experience. Salary within the scale £650 × £25 to £850 × £50 to £950, with children's allowances and superannuation benefits (FSSU). Conditions of appointment and form of application, which should be returned by 10 March 1958, from the Registrar.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Near Eastern Archaeology. The salary is on the scale £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 15 March, 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MARKET Research. McCann-Erickson Advertising Limited have vacancies for at least two more Assistants in their Research Department. Graduates in one of the Social Sciences are preferred. Research experience would be an asset, but is not essential. Salaries will be according to qualifications and experience, but initially not less than £550 per annum. Those selected will have the opportunity to assist in all types of market and motivation research. Applicants should write, giving full information about themselves, to the Director of Research, McCann-Erickson Advertising Ltd., Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research. Applications are invited for the post of Research Officer (Information) to develop a technical information service on educational research, supervise a small library, assist with abstracting and bibliographical work, and editing of the Foundation's publications. Qualifications: Hons. degree in psychology or social sciences, teaching or other relevant educational experience, excellent reading knowledge of German. Other European languages and/or experience of librarianship additional advantages. Salary within the range £850 to £1,150. Particulars and application forms from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1. Closing date 30 April, 1958.

YOUNG Assistant reqd. by Art Director, West End Publishers, graphic design, book, magazine, typography. Ring REG. 0322.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, SW17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, BA. Applications are invited from men and women for the following appointment from September 1958: Principal Lecturer in Physics, who will also be able to offer some mathematics. This appointment is required for special science course, extending to a third year, which is beginning in September and for which additional science laboratories are being erected. High qualifications and teaching experience essential. Training College salary (Pelham scale). The appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this College. Application forms obtainable from Principal at College, to be returned as soon as possible and in any case not later than 10 March.

RADIOGRAPHER, MSR, required for well-equipped department. Apply to Hospital Secretary, National Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, NW1

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, the largest vegetarian residential community in the country, will shortly require a Dietician-Caterer. This is an exceptional opportunity for a woman of the right qualities and experience. Further particulars from Mrs King Harris.

INVALID Children's Aid Association invite applications from women holding a Social Science Certificate, or equivalent qualification, with at least one year's experience of case work, for the post of Case Worker. Salary on range £450 – £550 per annum, according to age and experience. Applications to the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, W8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOUSEMASTER (single accommodation only) reqd. at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, near Grays, Essex, to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17+ years. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential, previous experience desirable. Salary within scale £512 10s. to £845 less £128 8s. for board, lodging and laundry 8 wks. annual leave. Details and applcn. form from Children's Officer, (C.H./G.1), County Hall, London, SE1. (168).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Educational Psychologist reqd. in Hendon area. Salary, Soulbury II £1,150 – £1,400 (Male); £1,075 15s. – £1,292 12s (female) plus further 'equal pay' adjustments from 1.4.1958. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent reqd. Recognised clinical training, teaching exper. and previous exper. as Educational Psychologist desirable. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms and further particulars (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10, Great George Street, Westminster, SW1 returnable by 8 March (Quote W.922 NSN) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Senior Educational Psychologist (full-time) reqd in Child Guidance Centre at 42 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5. Senior post & Psychologist appointed will advise Borough Education Officer in regard to secondary transfer examination and have an office in the Borough Education Office. Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent reqd. Recognised clinical training, teaching exper. & previous exper. as Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary, Soulbury II £1,150 – £1,400 (male), £1,075 15s. – £1,292 12s. (female) plus further equal pay adjustment. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous exper. in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stampd add f'scap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10, Gt George St. SW1, returnable by 15 March (Quote W.969 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

'DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Under the Management of the National Association for Mental Health.) Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress at the above Approved School, which accepts girls of good intelligence who can benefit from psychiatric treatment. The successful candidate should be well qualified and widely experienced, and in sympathy with the aims and methods of the school. She will be required to share the administration of the school with the Headmistress, and to take complete charge in her absence. A special interest in some one aspect of the work will be an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience with a deduction of £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Applications should be sent to the Headmistress at the school.

HANDCRAFT Instructress, with knowledge of basketry and weaving, required for Home for Deaf-Blind, Burnham, Somerset. Experience with Deaf-Blind not essential. Salary £300-£400, non-resident, according to experience and qualifications. Would consider resident Instructress. Apply to Homes Department, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

LCC requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in North/Central London; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £520-£667 10s. commencing accg to quals and expce. Pensionable position. Applicn form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, 53 Clerkenwell Road, EC1. Closing date 10 March. (314.)

SOCIAL Worker required for Old People's Welfare Association. This is a new appointment in a growing organisation at present single-handed with voluntary help. Case worker with experience of administration and interest in expansion looked for. Please state present salary. Write Hon. Secretary, Deptford Old People's Welfare Association, 380 New Cross Road, marking letter SW.

TRAINED social worker, man or woman, reqd for work among mental defectives and their families. Interesting and responsible post in community care organisation. APT salary scale. Apply for full information to the Sec., Cambridgeshire Mental Welfare Assoc., 8 Alexandra Street, Petty Cury, Cambridge.

MALADJUSTED children: two young assistant housemothers will shortly be required at small residential school. For these posts, stability and enthusiasm are more highly esteemed than training experience; 6 weeks holiday. £200 p.a. plus board and lodging. Apply with names of 2 refs to Warden, Bodenham Manor School, Hereford.

SHEFFIELD. Experienced and versatile youth worker (man or woman) required by Sheffield Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs as Assistant Organiser. Salary £500 to £650. Superannuation Scheme. Apply by letter: Chairman, SAMC & GC, Church House, St James' Street, Sheffield, 1.

FURNISHED accommodation, own kitchen, offered to homely middle-aged couple. Man to follow own occupation, wife to housekeep for retired couple. Good other help. West London. Box 8587.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, an assistant matron required April for Senior boarding house. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply: Mrs King Harris.

DEPUTY Matron and one Staff Nursery Nurse required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, 'The Manor', Tamworth Road, Keresley, near Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with 30 places. NMC conditions and salaries, plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

DOMESTICATED Continental, English or Chinese, to help run cheerful Doctor's household with family growing boys. Young or old - but capable & adaptable, please! Good home & salary. Mother of child over 5 also considered, or non-aggressive married couple seeking shelter, hard work & security. Mrs Dean, Old Rectory, Wivenhoe, Essex.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

FREELANCE: Sculptors, Designers, Modellers. Modern primitive, stylised contemporary, cartoon characters or conventional style – animals, figures and abstracts for reproduction in a variety of materials, for decorative purposes in small and medium sized rooms. Samples of work 1in. to 18in. (or photographs) should be submitted and will be returned. Apply in the first instance, stating terms to: Dept. 'NS', Sculptocraft, Eastbourne Street, Hull.

WANTED, active humorous male, cruising venture, April-Sept. Box 8517.

SECRETARY for Export Manager of old-established manufacturers with world-wide connections. Good education and speeds shorthand typing. Fluent knowledge German essential. French or Spanish desirable. Salary £575 p.a. Good prospects. 5-day week, staff restaurant. Write stating age (preferably 25-35) and giving details of education and experience to Box 8556.

EDUCATED Women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or P.A.s to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing are essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE following vacancies exist on the staff of a large office in the Westminster District: Pool Shorthand Typist; Finance Department Shorthand Typist/Clerk. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary in each case £9 14s rising to £10 4s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 8483.

TELEVISION. Sec., 21/30, for Overseas Manager of W1 Coy. French & German an advantage. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

JUNIOR Shorthand-typist (18-20) and junior typist (16-18) reqd. Apply Gen. Sec. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, SW1. VICtoria 4962.

SECRETARY and receptionist required from Easter until end September for well-known North Wales hotel. Box 8393.

PUBLISHERS & Exporters seek efficient Secretary with knowledge of shorthand and aptitude for figures. Vision Press, 74a Regent St, W1. REG. 4628.

ARCHITECT reqs. secretary, 4 days a wk. T. Dannatt, 115 Crawford St, W1.

SMALL but enterprising travel agency reqs responsible typist with initiative, and junior shorthand-typist. Write Box 8592.

SECRETARY / shorthand / typist urgently needed. Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 146 Fleet Street, EC4. FLE. 4175.

ASSISTANT Cook required mid-April or after. Good salary according to training and experience. Resident post. Apply with references to Headmistress, Sunny Hill Girls' School, Bruton, Somerset

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WEL. 8017.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

STUDENT, NS completed, awaiting University, urgently requires part-time job. Anything considered. Box 8514.

YOUNG man, 27, seeks job where taste, intelligence, personality and appearance mean more than academic qualifications. Can drive, type. Box 8513.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YOUNG Swedish editor (male, 22) seeks an appointment in England with a publisher or a literary agent. Three years before in London. Translator from Russian, Polish and all the Scandinavian languages. Author about literature and theatre. Producer-assistant. Excep. good contacts with Swedish papers and publrs. Please answer Box 8598.

TEACHER (diploma Art & Craft, socialist, agnostic) tired abetting conformity, seeks post with kindred head (or would accept headship). Box 8319.

ENGLISHMAN, 20 yrs. in Brazil, fluent Portuguese, energetic and adaptable, looks for interesting job anywhere. In England during April, May, June travelling USA. Any offers? Box 8399.

ISRAEL. Girl, 21, B.A. Oxon. Mod. Hist, wld. like job Israel April-August. Teaching English/History, but also trained Secretary. Fluent French. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8178.

BUSINESS woman, 35, fluent French, German, Spanish, knowl. Italian, typist, driver, expd. committee work, précis writing, etc., sks post of interest & respons. Box 8626.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Henry Bertie and Florence Mabel Gritton Post-Graduate Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from graduates of any University within the British Commonwealth of Nations or from graduates of any University who are British subjects, for two scholarships tenable in the University of Sydney for a period of up to two years. The Scholars shall be expected to undertake post-graduate study of Chemistry in relation to industry and agriculture. The Scholarships awarded shall be in either a senior or junior grade. Scholarships in the senior grade are of an annual value of £A1,000 p.a. and in the junior grade of £A750 p.a., in each case payable half-yearly in advance. A Scholar may be paid travelling expenses up to £A150 when coming to take up the Scholarship, provided it is held for one year; and travelling expenses up to £A150 when returning to his home, provided the Scholarship has been held for at least two years. Applications, which should include a certified copy of the applicant's academic record, together with the names of two referees who may be consulted concerning his work and ability, should be sent to reach the Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, by 31 March, 1958. Further information and copies of the application form may be obtained from Margaret A. Telfer, Registrar.

THE French Government is offering a limited number of scholarships to British students for research work in their own field of study, for periods of 8 or 10 months in France from October or November next. Apply to M. Denis Girard, Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, SW1, before 8 March.

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine. Post-graduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Post-graduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £330 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October 1958 for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June, 1958) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds 2. Closing date 1 May 1958.

CO-OPERATIVE College Scholarships for Men and Women. One hundred scholarships are available for the session commencing in October. These cover nine months residence, tuition and personal allowance. Courses Social Studies: Diploma in Political, Economic and Social Studies for External Students (University of Nottingham) and Diploma in Co-operation. General Management: Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies. Retail Management: Co-operative Union Diplomas. Secretaryship: Co-operative Union Diplomas. Applications for the above must be received by 1 April. Research Scholarship also available for research into Social, Economic or Technical problems of the Co-operative Movement. Value £500. Applications to be received 31 May. Further details obtainable from Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Russian Boyanus Spoken Course Textbook with 12 double records, practically new, £4; 'Economist' 1939-1957 complete; France Libre' 1940-1946. Lambretta; Swedish Linguaphone.

WANTED: German Linguaphone; Italian Linguaphone; Clavichord.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

FOREIGN girl student offered good food and accommodation in cheerful family house 12 miles from London, in exchange for light household help. Study facilities but regret no pocket money. Any period considered, available now. Box 8611.

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YOUNG man seeks congenial companion (m.) for Continental holiday, Easter or summer. Box 8473.

EXPERIENCED travellers offer seats in car going to Paris and South of France in easy stages. Leave London about March 15. Heymans, MOUntview 3794.

AMERICAN bookseller in England March & April wishes to buy small/large lots of books on Economics, History, Labour, Socialism, etc. Box 8642.

SCHOOLMASTER, 26, MA Oxford, at present battling with 12-16 yr old Philistines in N. London, will be available from September '58. Married accommodation an advantage but not essential. Box 8362.

BACHELOR (29) seeks similar or older companion interested Bayreuth Festival visit or sightseeing/sunbathing hol. Box 8316.

WANTED, young lady, Univ. educated, to act as secretary to 40-yr old businessman wishing improve English during visit UK, March/April. Airmail replies to: Wm Jones, Arassah 19, Alwiyah, Baghdad, Iraq.

LABOUR MP would welcome occasional voluntary secretarial and research assistance in political work. Box 8552.

FEMALE (20's) wanted to complete holiday party (2 m. 1 f.) Spain, Aug. Car (Zephyr), private villa, 2 wks. £35 incl. Box 8499.

BACH., 28, sks. employment in France to learn language. Ideas welc. Box 8359.

FARM Holiday in Cornwall wanted by married couple with three children in August. Reasonable access to beaches by car. A. Mann, 112 Ashurst Rd, Cockfosters, Herts. BARnet 5208.

SOUTHERN Spain. Attractive chalets modernly equipped by beautiful beach between Gibraltar and Algeciras for long or short lets. Box 8342.

BACH. 38, athletic, with car sks another. Holidays – general interests. Box 8287.

LADY, fluent French, German, some Italian, seeks passage New York, care of children or invalid. Box 8422.

ROQUEBRUNE. Pied-à-terre. Unique chalet. Lovely situation on beach between Cap Martin & Monte Carlo. Furnished Accom. 2/3. Terms by arrngmt. Box 8426.

HOLIDAY exchange. Furn. s.c. 5-rm flat with garden, Hampstead, London, to exchange with similar flat or house close sandy beach, 1 month, June-Aug. Box 8449.

CARAVAN to let from 19 April. 'Outing' 4 berth, fully equipped, Calor stove with oven. Berthed Aldeburgh. 5-6 gns. weekly. Box 8508.

ACCOMMODATION (Maida Vale) offered and small remuneration to educated middle-aged woman, pref. Socialist, in exch. light domestic duties, no rough. Box 8452.

NICE, South of France. Furnished double bedroom and sitting-room, use bathroom and kitchen. Near sea front. Rent £4 per week. Write Miss Ivanova, 33 Ladbroke Road, London, W11.

COTTAGE wanted by 2 undergraduates, April. Cornwall or elsewhere. Box 8466.

ITALIAN lessons & conversation wanted. Highgate area. Box 8476.

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MANCHESTER College, Oxford, vacancies for small conferences in September; full board/residence. Moderate terms. Minimum 20, maximum 30. Apply Bursar.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

GERMAN lady (30), University educated, requires weekend/evening work, typing, baby-sitting, anything. Box 8509.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' attractive old house overlooking harbour. Lge secluded garden. Box 8094.

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BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for new handlist of courses & holiday schools. Mar.-Sept. 1958.

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INTENDING soc. workers – Social Science Tutorial College, 11 Old Bond St, W1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PREJUDICE in Race Relations is as unscientific as it is harmful. Anthropology is the only science committed to the study of Man in his entirety and the Royal Anthropological Institute is the only Commonwealth anthropological society. Unless we receive immediate help we cannot continue our activities. Scholarships, library, publications, all will have to go, or be so reduced that they become practically meaningless. What we need is more action, not less. Will you help by sending any amount to the RAI, 21 Bedford Square, WC1? George Beresford-Stooke, KCMG, Hon. Treasurer

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AUTHORS agent gives comprehensive advice on television material for ITV and BBC. Write: BM/KSXP, WC1.

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FOR overworked business people the relaxing and stimulating effect of Nerve Manipulation is invaluable. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St, W1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

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TEENAGE Holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, Kensington, London. Interesting and stimulating courses in acting. Professional Stage Staff. Fees £4 4s. to £7 7s. Syllabus from Director, Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon, SW19.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, talking, dancing, music, play-reading, painting, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

BED-WETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15 % of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

EASTER in Florence: Sunny villa. Italian cuisine, Tuscan wine. With return fare £38. Reduction for students. 30 March to 13 April. M. E. Harley, 8 The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. GUL. 4705.

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THE sun-drenched French Riviera. Nice, Juan-les-Pins or Mentone. 11-day holiday for only 28 gns. (All-Inclusive) – Riviera Holidays Ltd. (NS), 113/114 Shoreditch High Street, London, E1. SHO. 7780.

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CONTINENTAL Holidays not mass produced. If you dislike group travel you will find our prices and personal service just what you want. Brochure from: Business and Holiday Travel, Ltd, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, WC2. WHI. 4114.

ITALY. Wonderful holiday Miramare Rimini, Hotel Impero. Excel. cuisine, own beach, reas. EUS. 6846, CUN. 9379 after 5.30.

P.S. Spend Easter in Venice! There is still time to join a 'Harold Ingham' party, April 3-19. Inclusive charge 35 gns. Lavishly illustrated programme, including also many summer parties available from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'UNIONS Face A Challenge', writes Harold Poole (Secretary National Society of Coppersmiths, Braziers and Metalworkers) in the March Labour Monthly. Also 'Background to the Rapacki Plan' (Quaestor), 'Reflections on the Bank' (R. Page Arnot), etc. 1s 8d post free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

BRAIN & Cybernetics. Critical article on 'Thinking Machines'. Also Influenza in Young Children, History of Health Resorts, Gerontology, etc. Soviet Medical Information Bulletin, Vol. 5, No. 1. 1s 6d (post free 1s. 10d.). SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

ARTIST as Craftsman – or Pariah? Critical article on position of Stage & Screen Designers in USSR. Also Drama Schools, Meierhold Archive, Dighilev & Bolshoi Compared, etc. Arts in USSR, Vol. 2, No. 1, 2s (post free 2s 4d). SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8.

EGGHEADS theatrical galore (who pin-ups statistical deplore) read 'Encore' – 10s. for 6 issues: Dept. N, 25 Howland St, W1.

AUDREY Williamson and Charles Landstone: 'The Bristol Old Vic—The First Ten Years'. Fully illustrated. 25s. (postage 10d.). Garnet Miller, 54 Victoria Street, SW1.

WHO Controls the H-Bombers? Technical Education; Aircraft. 'Labour Research', 9d. (11s. p.a.), 2 Soho Square, W.1.

"A Neutral Belt in Europe?" by Denis Healey. 1s. 8d. p.f. from Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in N.Y. by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual sub. 25s.; single copies 2s. 6d. Write to P. B. Price, English Rep., 48 Balcombe St, London, NW1.

CAPITALIST-minded people can look up own careers and many for their children in new and vastly interesting Careers Encyclopedia: authority on training, exams, prospects in 240 callings. Ed. Chaffe & Edmonds. 688 pages, only 15s. (posted 16s. 9d.) any bookseller. Cleaver-Hume Press, Wright's Lane, W8.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.) Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p.286

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
GRADUATE DIPLOMA IN
SOCIAL WORK

The University of Birmingham will offer a one-year postgraduate course in Social Work within the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, commencing in October, 1958. This course will lead to a graduate Diploma in Social Work and is intended to provide a professional education and qualification for candidates desiring to practise in any branch of social casework, with the exception of psychiatric social work. Applicants should hold a degree or postgraduate qualification in the social sciences, but certain exceptions may be made in the case of those who hold only certificates or diplomas.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15.

UNIVERSITY of London. University Extension Residential Week-end Course at Battle of Britain House, Northwood, Middlesex. Friday, 21 March-Sunday 23 March 1958. Radiation and Heredity. Lecturers: Professor J. Rotblat, Physics Department, St Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College; Dr. T. C. Carter, MRC, Radiobiological Research Unit, Harwell; Dr. Patricia Lindop, Physiology Department, St Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College. Applications for this course should be made to the Deputy Director (Ext. N.S.), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, WC1.

THE University of Southampton will begin in October, 1958, a one-year course leading to the Certificate in Social Casework. The course is available to men or women who already possess a basic qualification in Social Studies, and is designed to provide a professional education for those who wish to practise as social caseworke.s in various branches of the field of social work. Courses leading to the basic qualifications in Social Studies, Degree, Diploma or Certificate are also available at the University. Particulars and application forms for all courses, as well as of two Exhibitions offered by the University for the basic social Studies Certificate course, may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, The University, Southampton.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 24 March to 21 May. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St, Kensington, W8 (Park 4711). Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: practice sessions from the model without tuition on Thursdays, 7.30-9.30 p.m. Students may join at any time.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers intensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for graduates and other well-educated girls. New group begins 14 April (next group 9 June). Foreign languages. Individual attention. Excellent results. For full details and interview apply the Principal, 62 Bayswater Road, London, W2. PAD. 3320.

HILLCROFT College for adult education, Surbiton. One year residential course in liberal subjects for women over 20 requiring further education as opening to careers in teaching, social work. Recognised by Ministry of Education. No entrance examination. Grants available. Apply Secretary (NS).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH, German, Spanish by the Direct Method in small groups. New Courses begin this month. St Giles' School of Languages, 147 Oxford Street. GER. 1460.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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FRENCH tuition privately by young French lady. Mme. Lambert. KIL. 0265.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, Dorking, 3-7 April. Industry in a Changing Society. Director: Austen Albu. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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CONGENIAL atmosphere, music-lit. ints. 2 sgle rooms, £3, 50s.; also small 1-rm flatlet nr Baker St. 67s. 6d. (no sep. kit.). HAM. 8109.

NEWLY dec. semi-furn. room to woman reader in Hampstead. £2 5s. inclusive light and use bath. Heating extra. Cooking facils. and running water in room. Box 8329.

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LANCASTER Gate. Attrac. Bed-sit. Suit gent. C.H. Mod. con. £3 15s. Box 8551.

FRIENDLY home offered 1, 2 or 3 people. Use of whole house & garden, 5 gns. week for couple or 3 gns single person, & share of e.l., gas. No petty restrictions. WEM. 8261 after 6 p.m.

ATTRAC. large sunny sgl. b/s. Holland Park, redec., use b., tel. Box 8581.

SIMPLY furnd but sympa. bd sit. rm in pleas. Soho flat W1 to let with use bth-rm, kit. (share one other) – linen, cutl., glass, heat, light, cleaning, incl. 4½ gns. p.w. Use telephone. Pref. man. Box 8585.

IDEAL for girl or yng prof. woman, charming b/s in family house, Kensington. Vacant short period only. Bus route. 55s. WES. 2606.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CHARMING small dormer divan bed-sit. for lady. Charge absolutely all incl. gas ring, heat, light, linen, etc., £2 p.w. Ealing nr. tubes. EAL. 4352 or Box 8494.

ORNITHOLOGIST or gardener esp. welc. Lge redec. B/S all facil. 50s. ACO 4116.

MOD. bed-sit. rm newl. decor. nr Finch. Rd Tube Stn, centr. h., c.h.w. 3 gns. Prof. ladies. MAIda Vale 6519 aft. 6 p.m. or before 9 a.m.

A VERY attractive sgle divan b./sit. All amenities. 47s. 6d. TUD. 8844.

SUNNY rm for yg wom. (or 2 friends), elec. grill. Or share whole flat with anor (interests, mod. hist., art cookg, Russian lang.). 5 mins E. Putney Undgd. Single £3, double £4 10s. RAV. 4704 or FLE. 5011, ext. 335.

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¼ HR W/End. Comf. dble bed/sit. H. & c., cooker. 65s. GLA. 3912 Sunday.

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2 LADIES wd like 3rd to share their attractive modern Chelsea flat. Box 8572.

BLOOMSBURY bedsit. Partly furn. Use k. & b. 2½ gns. p.w. inc. gas & e.l. Pref. Labour Party mem. F. only. Box 8594.

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LGE. B/s. rm in s/c. flat Maida Vale dist. 50s. incl. Use k. & b. CUN. 9683.

BEAUTIFUL spacious s/c 6-roomed flat. Well furn./dec. 6 months. MAI. 5317.

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HIGHGATE. Attractive furn. flat. 5 gns. Suit 2 bus. people. MOU. 3676.

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ACCOMMODATION WANTED

GENTLEMAN reqs comf. b/s room, priv. house, Area Kens. to Hampstd. Box 8351.

LADY reqs. s/c unfurn. flat, 3/4 rms., k. & b. Easy reach Strand. Box 8467.

LADY independent means reqs furn. accom.; lge b./sit., pref. meals, cen. heating. Swiss Cottage, Finchley Rd area preferred, ground or first floor. Box 8640.

WOMAN reader of 'New Statesman' requires quiet room, London or Cambridge; good references. Box 8571.

PROF. Social Worker and brother seek small flat/2 bed.-sit. rooms, Central London. Moderate rent. Box 8570.

BED-sit. or flatlet, unfurn. or pt-furn., Central London, for BBC employee (f.) early 40s, away weekends. Would buy f. & f. About £3 p.w. Box 8321.

YOUNG Civil Engineer wants furn. room or flatlet, fairly Central. Box 8450.

LADY publisher requires small unfurnished flat in Marylebone. Box 8520.

RENT in advance for fur./unfurn. 3/4 roomed flat/house with use of garden if possible. Areas preferred: NW1, NW3, NW8, W2, W8, W11, SW5, SW7, SW10. Required in June for short/long let. Box 8496.

OVERSEAS university couple, baby, require small furnished house, moderate rent, July/September, Home Counties. Box 8428.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SMALL private hotel, famous literary centre Yorkshire. Modernised period house, eight letting bedrooms, large dining tea rooms, flourishing expanding outside catering. Listed British Tourist Board and A.A. Pleasant tourist, American etc. clientele; present owner 14 years; freehold, furnished, nearest £3,500. Box 8221.

LONG Crendon. Vacant possession Spring. freehold. West. Buckinghamshire cottage facing Chilterns, partly thatched. Secluded, not lonely. Livingroom, 2 bedrooms, kit.-bathroom with h. & c. Indoor sanit., drainage to main sewer. Mains elec. Apply Mason, Air Hill Cottage, Long Crendon, Aylesbury.

CAMDEN Square. Large house in excellent condition, arranged as 3 or 4 s.c. flats. In all 9 rooms, 4 kitchens, 3 bathrooms. Fully vacant. £4,500. F. Burton & Evans, 241 Streatham High Rd, SW16. STR. 7755.

BUYING a House: Do's and Don'ts: Booklet 1s. (1s. 4d. post free). National Citizens Advice Bureaux Committee, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

FOOD AND DRINK

DON'T have a cold meal without taking a portion of Rayner's delicious Indian Mango Chutney – from all good grocers.

BURGESSES and their Boroughs vote for delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

YOU have troubles? Try this cure. Pour yourself a glass of El Cid Sherry. Drink it, slowly, with your eyes closed. Repeat, with your eyes open. Now, what was it you said about troubles?

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE, Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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BLACK Mountains. Peaceful holiday. Riding. Fishing. Glorious country. Log fires. Olsen, Fforest, Abergavenny, Mon.

A FEW guests made welcome in Highland cottage, simple but not stark. Trains met. 'Donlellan', Foss, by Pitlochry, or ring TERminus 6873.

WINTER warmth at this small friendly Hotel in 'Britain's Best Climate'. Twin-bedded top fl. rms 5/5½ gns.; others 6/7 gns., fully inclusive. Cent. htg. Vegtn if desired. Bkfst in bed (nominal chge). Recomm. by rdrs. Facing Sth, opp. covered Prom. Illus. brochures. Spring 5½/8 gns.; Summer 6/9 gns. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carnhaven Guest House. Unobstructed sea view. H. & C., Slumberlands. Excl. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. Bus tours daily. 7-8½ gns. Brochure.

CORNWALL. Guests welcome in old house of arch./hist. interest, 3 minutes harbour. Bed & breakfast, 1 gn., terms period. Lawn House, Church Lane, Mevagissey.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 gns. Special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carms. No vacancies 26 July to 6 Sept

SPRINGTIME holidays; the glory of the budding countryside with the sun returning after winter's bleakness—what could be more pleasant? And the comfort and friendliness of a Fellowship Guest House help to make a memorable vacation. There are many Centres open all the year, in some of Britain's loveliest countryside. Write for full details of the accommodation and moderate terms to The Holiday Fellowship, Room 77, 142 Great North Way, NW4.

VISIT the West Coast of Ireland & stay at Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo. Write for terms.

CHARMING guest house. Spac. grounds. Beauty spot nr. Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Whinrig, Horam.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. Large garden. Own produce. Recreation room. Children welcome. Terms. mod. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos.

RE-OPENING 15 March: Old Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imag. & plent. food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 7½ gns. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

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KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

FARM Holidays – 1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated, 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 28 High St, Paisley.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

REASONABLE terms offered in English household. May-July. Charming hillside residence between Venice-Verona. Box 8400.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs at 7.0

3 March	The Telephone, Bluebeard's Castle, Gianni Schicchi.
4, 6 and 8 March	Falstaff
5 March	La Boheme
7 March	The Magic Flute

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA
30 Jan. to 22 March
Evenings 7.30

3 Mar. ANDREA CHENIER
4 Mar. LA SONNAMBULA
5 Mar. VIVI
6 Mar. ANDREA CHENIER
7 Mar. GUGLIELMO TELL
8 Mar. VIVI

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)
THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
Evenings 7.30, Mats Sat. 2.30

3 Mar.
SCENES DE BALLET, RAKE'S PROGRESS, THE FIREBIRD.
4 Mar.
SYLPHIDES, RAKE'S PROGRESS, THE FIREBIRD.
5 Mar.
SCENES DE BALLET, COPPELIA.
6 & 7 Mar.
SYLPHIDES, LA PERI, DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.
8 Mar.
SCENES DE BALLET, COPPELIA.

GALA PERFORMANCE
27 March at 8.0
Prog. includes HAMLET (revival). Full details from Box Office. Seats 5s. 6d. to 5 gns. Postal applications only. Box Office opens 3 March.

OPERA Circle. Sun. 16 March at 8 p.m. at Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7, 'Parisian Operatic Memories' by Maggie Teyte with musical illustrations. Partics: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Suns. Evgs 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0. S. 5.30. Th. 2.30. Greenwood, Lysistrata.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W 2.30. 'The Spo.t of My Mad Mother'.

ST PANCRAS Arts Festival. St. Pancras Town Hall. Wed. 5 March, at 7.30. Royal Academy of Dramatic Art presents 'Candida' by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by John Fernald. Tkts 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. fr. Tn Hall (TER. 7070) & St Pancras Public Libraries.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Celestina. Comedy.

TOWER. 7.30. 7, 8, 9 (Mems.), 13, 14, 15 Mar. 'Who Cares?' by Leo Lehman. 27, 28 Feb., 1 Mar. 'The Confidential Clerk'. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45, 'The Crucible'. Sat., Sun. 3 p.m., 'Marriage' by Gogol. Mems.

CONCERTS

SONATAS by Beethoven, Prokofieff, Franck, etc. Leonard Dight (violin), Sidney Crooke (piano), Eiluned Davies (piano), Sat. 1 March at 8.15, Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. 9s., 7s., 4s. WAT. 3191.

ORGAN Recital by Denis Vaughan with Douglas Whittaker (flute). Works by Bach, Franck, Stanley, Martin, etc., Wed. 5 March at 5.45. Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. (including prog.). WAT. 3191.

CHAIKOVSKY: Piano & violin recital of works for Moscow Competition. Sun. 2 Mar. 7 p.m. Refreshments. At SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns. & 3 Mar.), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 2 Mar.: 'The Sweet Smell of Success' (A). From 3 Mar.: James Dean in 'Rebel Without a Cause' (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Mar. 1, 'A Generation'. Dir.: A. Wajda. 2, 6, 8.30. Members and Associates (5s. p.a.) only.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Don Shearman Trio and Johnnie Ware playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for Dancing. Today, 1 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

DANCE. Sat. 1 Mar. 8 p.m., 6 Queen Sq., Nr. Holborn Tube. Cen. Lon. Fabian Soc.

LONDON Festival on Saturday 15 March, 5 Leicester Place, WC2. Adm. 4s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ROXY. Bay. 2345. 2 March, 7 days Paul Newman, Walter Pidgeon, 'The Rack', A. Gene Kelly 'Seagulls Over Sorrento' U.

S. AFRICAN party in aid 'New Age' & Treason Trial Defence Fund. Sat. 1 March, 7 p.m., at 49 Crediton Hill, NW6. Adm. 4s. incl. supper etc. All interested welc.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S complete range of reproductions can be seen at certain shops in U.K. Details on request. 11 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

YOUNG Contemporaries—RBA Galleries, Suffolk St. Big selection from all Art Schools in Britain. Daily 10-5 (10-7 Weds.), Sun. 2-6. Until 10 Mar. Entry 1s. 6d.

GWEN John at the Matthiesen Gallery. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 8 March. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927) – Fifty Works – First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

ST George's Gallery showing Merlyn Evans' magnificent 'Vertical Suite in Black' – aquatints. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

FACT and Idea: the significance of the subject; selected and arranged by Mervyn Levy. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. 2-22 March. Weekdays 10-6, Sunday 3-6. Free.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Recent Water Colours by Maurice Blond. Daily 10 to 5.30. Sat. 10 to 1.

ARTISTS International Association. 25th Anniversary Exhibition R.B.A. March. Members' work, 1933-58. Contemporary section open non-members. Forms: AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2.

EXHIBITION of Fine Crafts with Pottery by Shoji Hamada, at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain. 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Sq., W1. 3 March to 3 April incl. Mon. to Fri. 10-5 p.m. Sat. 10-12.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ONE Hundred Years of Architecture in America. RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 22 March. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Admission Free.

21st Anniversary of Arthur Segals Painting School 1st Exhibition in London showing Oil Paintings by beginners and advanced students at The Tea Centre, 22 Regent St, SW1, 4-15 March. Weekdays: 10.30-6.30 admission free. Closed Sundays.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente—24 New Paintings, 5 March-3 April. Daily 10-7, incl. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings by Patrick Heron, Paul Olds, Derwent Lees. And 'The Abstract Influence 1910-1930'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Roger Hilton – Paintings 1953-57. Closing 8 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Also Anthony Hill – Recent Constructions (in the Library).

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. New Selection of Contemporary Paintings for Hire. Yearly subscription £1 1s. Paintings 10s. or 7s. 6d each per month.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Stoneware Pottery by M. Cardew, Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Psychology: Anton Ehrenzweig on Creative Conflict – a psychoanalytical approach to the æsthetics of modern painting and music. Thursday 6 March, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies. Conference, 'Soc. Economy & Peace', Sat., March 8, 2-8 p.m., Kingsway Hall (Rm 32), Kingsway, WC2. Tkts & papers 2s. 6d. K. Dowson, 46 Christchurch Ave, NW6, or at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ULR CLUB
'Mass Media.' Richard Hoggart, John Berger, Karol Reisz.
Tuesday, 11 March, 7.45 p.m.
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus). Beer, spirits, coffee.
Admission 2s. non-members, 1s. members.

Poale Zion Annual Conference 1958—Public Session. Admission Free
TEN YEARS OF ISRAEL STATEHOOD
Sat., 1 Mar., 7.15 p.m. for 7.45 p.m.
Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, WC1
Speakers:
H. E. The Israel Ambassador
Eliahu Elath
Frank Beswick, M.P.
Dr. S. Levenberg, Jewish Agency
Chairman: I. Jezierski, B.Sc.
Poale Zion, 2 Bloomsbury Place, WC1
Mus. 4702

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Storm over the Supreme Court of the United States' will be delivered by Professor Paul A. Freund (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on 5 March at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

PUBLIC Conference – Education in the Atomic Age. Speakers: Professor D. G. Christopherson, V. W. Brown, Dr Tom Margerison; Chairman, Dr J. Topping (Principal, Brunel College). Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1. Saturday, 1 March, 10-12.30, 1.45-4. Morning coffee.

TOTAL Peace—We Say Yes. Emergency Meeting, Caxton Hall, Monday 3 March, 7.30 p.m. The answer to Mr. Duncan Sandys. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Speakers: Emrys Hughes, MP, Kathleen Lonsdale, FRS, DBE, Stuart Morris, Victor Yates, MP. Organised by The Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Eus. 5501. Adm. Free.

CONFERENCE on 'Women and Nuclear Power'. Speakers: Professor S. C. Harland, FRS; Mr D. G. Arnott, Author of 'Our Nuclear Adventure', Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, SW2. Sunday, 9 March 1958, 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Credentials (5s.) for delegates and observers from: National Assembly of Women, 122 Wilton Road, London, SW1. Tel: VIC. 3545.

VICTORY For Socialism. A special meeting for Labour Party members to launch the new, revitalised organisation. Thursday, 6 March, Caxton Hall, SW1, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Michael Foot, Donald Soper, Ted Bedford. In the chair: Stephen Swingler, M.P. Doors open 7.30 p.m. Admission by Labour Party membership card only.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 28 Feb. No meeting. Tue. 4 Mar. 8 p.m., George Nevat (St Antonys, Oxford): 'One Year in Moscow University'. Fri. 7 Mar. 8 p.m., Classicum Orchestra (David Roth, cond. V. Rodzianko).

SHAW Society AGM, preceded by 30 mins reading, 28 Feb, 6.45; 7 Albemarle St, W1. Future speakers: Margaret Rawlings, Lord Altrincham. Enqs: 45 Steeplestone Close, N18.

ÆSTHETICS of 20th Century Dress: illustrated lecture by Stella Mary Pearce. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Tues. Mar. 4, 8.30. Arr. Finsbury Art Group. Non-members 1s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Wed., 5 March, 6.30 sharp, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Buddhism and Christianity', Dr Edward Conze. Chair: Rev. G. Appleton. The discussion continued from last month's meeting. Programme of Summer School (Hoddesdon 22-29 Aug) ready soon. Read 'The Middle Way' (2s 10d quarterly post free) and keep abreast of Buddhist thought. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. TAT. 1313.

'RELIGION & Its Modern Substitutes.' D. G. MacRae, MA. Sun., 11 a.m., 2 Mar., S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Write for free 'Record.' Chamber Music Concerts. Sun., 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LUDWIG Koch – with own recordings – on 'Songs of Wild Birds' at Church House, Great Smith Street, SW1, at 7.15 p.m., 5 March. Tickets 3s 6d from Ramblers' Association (Lecture), 48 Park Road, NW1. S.a.e. with postal applications.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Peter Benenson on The Future of Legal Aid. Wed., 5 March, 7.30 p.m. 57 Dean St., W1.

'ANGRY Young Men.' H. J. Blackham, BA. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 4 Mar. Conway Discns, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 2 March, 'Voice of the Silence'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

'THE Plot Against General Zionism' address by Dr W. von Weisl, Head of European Bureau of General Zionism, on Tues. 4 March at Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1, at 7.30 p.m. Chair: Dr J. Jackson. Adm. free, refr. 1s. 3d. Details: SPE. 3328.

AT Younghusband Hse., 23 Norfolk Sq. Paddington W2. 5 March 7.30 p.m. Dr Hendrick Kraemer, 'Encounter Between Religions'. All welc. World Congress of Faiths.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 7 March, 8.30 p.m. Rev. C. O. Rhodes, MA: 'The Principles of Modernism'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

SWAMI Ghanananda. Tues. 4 March, 6.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. 'India's Contribution to the West'. Sun. 2 March, 5 p.m., 68 Duke's Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Dr N. R. Kar: 'An Indian in Western Europe'. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 2 March, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. M. L. Burnet: 'The Ideas of Aristophanes'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 8 March at 6 p.m. Mr. B. M. Govett: Royal Heraldry in England.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on 'Runology'; (i) 'Runic investigations – a branch of Swedish research with old traditions'; (ii) 'On Nordic runes' will be delivered by Professor Sven B. F. Jansson (Stockholm) at 5.30 p.m. on 7 and 11 March at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled 'The Inside of the Earth' will be delivered by Sir Edward Bullard (Cambridge) at 6 p.m. on 7 and 14 March at Bedford College, Regent's Park, NW1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'La pensée de Rabelais', (ii) 'La révolution poétique de la Pléiade' will be delivered by Professor V. L. Saulnier (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 5 and 6 March at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of four lectures on (i) and (ii) 'Liquidity-Preference and Loanable-Funds Theories: Stock and Flow Analysis'; (iii) and (iv) 'A Restatement of Keynesian Economics' will be delivered by Professor D. Patinkin (Jerusalem) at 5 p.m. on 6, 7, 10 and 11 March, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled 'Some Aspects of the Social History of Poland in the 19th Century'; (i) 'The Peasants and the Agrarian Question'; (ii) 'The Liberal Movement and the So-called Organic Activity' will be delivered by Professor S. Kieniewicz (Warsaw) at 5 p.m. on 4 and 6 March at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Course of Training on Educational Group Work. This full-time Course by means of which candidates may qualify for the College Diploma in Youth Leadership and Organisation, extends over one Session, is conducted in the Department of Education, and prepares for Educational Group work, primarily in the Youth Service and in community centres. Preference will now be given to graduates, and trained teachers and social workers, but applications will also be considered from candidates lacking previous training but possessing relevant experience and also the ability to benefit from professional training. Further information and forms of application for admission to the Course may be obtained from the Professor of Education, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea. Ministry of Educ. grants available for approved candidates.

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